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THE EXPANSION OF ENGLAND.

"THERE is a vulgar view of politics which sinks them into a mere struggle of interests and parties, and there is a foppish kind of history which aims only at literary display, which produces delightful books hovering between poetry and prose. These perversions, according to me, come from an unnatural divorce between two subjects which belong to one another. Politics are vulgar when they are not liberalised by history, and history fades into mere literature when it loses sight of its relation to practical politics." These very just remarks are made by Mr. Seeley in a new book which everybody has been reading, and which is an extremely interesting example of that union of politics with history which its author regards as so useful or even indispensable for the successful prosecution of either history or politics. His lectures on the expansion of England contain a suggestive and valuable study of two great movements in our history, one of them the expansion of the English nation and state together by means of colonies; the other, the stranger expansion by which the vast population of India has passed under the rule of Englishmen. Mr. Seeley has in his new volume recovered his singularly attractive style and power of literary form. It underwent some obscurity in the three volumes in which the great transformation of Germany and Prussia during the Napoleonic

age was not very happily grouped round a biography of Stein. But here the reader once more finds that ease, lucidity, persuasiveness, and mild gravity that were first shown, as they were probably first acquired, in the serious consideration of religious and ethical subjects. Mr. Seeley's aversion for the florid, rhetorical, and over-decorated fashion of writing history has not carried him to the opposite extreme, but it has made him seek sources of interest, where alone the serious student of human affairs would care to find them, in the magnitude of events, the changes of the fortunes of states, and the derivation of momentous consequences from long chains of antecedent causes.

The chances of the time have contributed to make Mr. Seeley's book, in one sense at least, singularly opportune, and have given to a philosophical study the actuality of a political pamphlet. The history of the struggle between England and France for Canada and for India acquires new point at a moment when the old rivalries are again too likely to be awakened in Madagascar, in Oceania, and in more than one region of Africa. The history of the enlargement of the English state, the last survivor of a family of great colonial empires, has a vivid reality at a time when Australasia is calling upon us once more to extend our borders, and take new races under our sway. The discussion

of a colonial system ceases to be an abstract debate, and becomes a question of practical emergency, when a colonial convention presses the diplomacy of the mother-country and prompts its foreign policy. Mr. Seeley's book has thus come upon a tide of popular interest. It has helped, and will still further help, to swell a sentiment that was already slowly rising to full flood. History, it would seem, can speak with two voices—even to disciples equally honest, industrious, and competent. Twenty years ago there was a Regius Professor of History at Oxford who took the same view of his study as is expressed in the words at the head of this article. He applied his mind especially to the colonial question, and came to a conclusion directly opposed to that which commends itself to the Regius Professor of History at Cambridge.¹ Since then a certain reaction has set in, which events will probably show to be superficial, but of which while it lasts Mr. Seeley's speculations will have the benefit. In 1867, when the guarantee of the Canadian railway was proposed in Parliament, Mr. Cave, the member for Barnstaple, remarked that instead of giving three millions sterling with a view of separating Canada from the United States, it would be more sensible and more patriotic to give ten millions in order to unite them. Nobody protested against this remark. If it were repeated to-day there would be a shout of disapprobation. On the other hand we shall not have another proposal to guarantee a colonial railway. This temporary fluctuation in opinion is not the first instance of men cherishing the shadow after they have rid themselves of the substance, and clinging with remarkable ardour to a sentiment, after they have made quite sure that it shall not inconvenience them in practice.

Writing as a historian, Mr. Seeley

¹ *The Empire*, by Mr. Goldwin Smith, published in 1868—a masterpiece of brilliant style and finished dialectics.

exhorts us to look at the eighteenth century in a new light and from a new standpoint, which he exhibits with singular skill and power. We could only wish that he had been a little less zealous on behalf of its novelty. His accents are almost querulous as he complains of historical predecessors for their blindness to what in plain truth we have always supposed that they discerned quite as clearly as he discerns it himself. "Our historians," he says, "miss the true point of view in describing the eighteenth century. They make too much of the mere parliamentary wrangle and the agitations about liberty. They do not perceive that in that century the history of England is not in England, but in America and Asia." "I shall venture to assert," he proceeds in another place, "that the main struggle of England from the time of Louis XIV. to the time of Napoleon was for the possession of the New World; and it is for want of perceiving this that most of us find that century of English history uninteresting." The same teasing refrain runs through the book. We might be disposed to traverse Mr. Seeley's assumption that most of us do find the eighteenth century of English history uninteresting. "In a great part of it," Mr. Seeley assures us, "we see nothing but stagnation. The wars seem to lead to nothing, and we do not perceive the working of any new political ideas. That time seems to have created little, so that we can only think of it as prosperous, but not as memorable. Those dim figures, George I. and George II., the long tame administrations of Walpole and Pelham, the commercial war with Spain, the battles of Dettingen and Fontenoy, the foolish prime minister Newcastle, the dull brawls of the Wilkes period, the miserable American war—everywhere alike we seem to remark a want of greatness, a distressing commonness and flatness in men and in affairs." This would be very sad if it were true, but is it true? A plain man rubs his eyes in amazement at such reproaches.

So far from most of us finding the eighteenth century uninteresting, as prosperous rather than memorable, as wanting in greatness, as distressing by the commonness and the flatness of its men and its affairs, we undertake to say that most of us, in the sense of most people who read the English language, know more about, and feel less flatness, and are more interested in the names of the eighteenth century than in those of all other centuries put together. If we are to talk about "popular histories," the writer who distances every competitor by an immeasurable distance is Macaulay. Whatever may be said about that illustrious man's style, his conception of history, his theories of human society, it is at least beyond question or denial that his *Essays* have done more than any other writings of this generation to settle the direction of men's historical interest and curiosity. From Eton and Harrow down to an elementary school in St. Giles's or Bethnal Green, Macaulay's *Essays* are a text-book. At home and in the colonies, they are on every shelf between Shakespeare and the Bible. And of all these famous compositions, none are so widely read or so well-known as those on Clive, Hastings, Chatham, Frederick, Johnson, with the gallery of vigorous and animated figures that Macaulay grouped round these great historic luminaries. We are not now saying that Macaulay's view of the actors or the events of the eighteenth century is sound, comprehensive, philosophical, or in any other way meritorious; we are only examining the truth of Mr. Seeley's assumption that the century which the most popular writer of the day has treated in his most glowing, vivid, picturesque, and varied style, is regarded by the majority of us as destitute of interest, as containing neither memorable men nor memorable affairs, and as over-spread with an ignoble pall of all that is flat, stagnant, and common.

Nor is there any better foundation for Mr. Seeley's somewhat peremptory

assertion that previous writers all miss what he considers the true point in our history during the eighteenth century. It is simply contrary to fact to assert that "they do not perceive that in that century the history of England is not in England, but in America and Asia." Mr. Green, for instance, was not strong in his grasp of the eighteenth century, and that period is in many respects an extremely unsatisfactory part of his work. Yet if we turn to his *History of the English People*, this is what we find at the very outset of the section that deals with modern England:—

"The Seven Years' War is in fact a turning point in our national history, as it is a turning point in the history of the world. . . . From the close of the Seven Years' War it mattered little whether England counted for less or more with the nations around her. She was no longer a mere European power; she was no longer a rival of Germany or France. Her future action lay in a wider sphere than that of Europe. Mistress of Northern America, the future mistress of India, claiming as her own the empire of the seas, Britain suddenly towered high above nations whose position in a single continent doomed them to comparative insignificance in the after-history of the world. It is this that gives William Pitt so unique a position among our statesmen. His figure in fact stands at the opening of a new epoch in English history—in the history not of England only, but of the English race. However dimly and imperfectly, he alone among his fellows saw that the struggle of the Seven Years' War was a struggle of a wholly different order from the struggles that had gone before it. He felt that the stake he was playing for was something vaster than Britain's standing among the powers of Europe. Even while he backed Frederick in Germany, his eye was not on the Weser, but on the Hudson and the St. Lawrence. 'If I send an army to Germany,' he replied in memorable words to his assailants, 'it is because in Germany I can conquer America!'"

This must be pronounced to be, at any rate, a very near approach to that perception which Mr. Seeley denies to his predecessors, of the truth that in the eighteenth century the expansion of England was the important side of her destinies at that epoch.

Then there is Carlyle. Carlyle proposed to think ill enough of the eighteenth century—poor bankrupt century,

and so forth,—but so little did he find it common, flat, or uninteresting, that he could never tear himself away from it. Can it be pretended that he, too, “missed the true point of view”? Every reader of the *History of Frederick* remembers the Jenkins’s-Ear-Question, and how “half the World lay hidden in embryo under it. Colonial-Empire, whose is it to be? Shall half the world be England’s, for industrial purposes; which is innocent, laudable, conformable to the Multiplication Table, at least, and other plain laws? Shall there be a Yankee Nation, shall there not be; shall the New World be of Spanish type, shall it be of English? Issues which we may call immense.” This, the possession of the new world, was “England’s one Cause of War during the century we are now upon” (Bk. xii., ch. xii.). It is “the soul of all these Controversies and the one meaning they have” (xvi., xiv.). When the war was over, and the peace made at Hubertsburgh, Carlyle apprehended as clearly as words can express, what the issue of it was for England and the English race. England, he says, is to have America and the dominion of the seas,—considerable facts both,—“and in the rear of these, the new Country is to get into such merchandisings, colonisings, foreign settlements, gold nuggetings, as lay beyond the drunkenest dreams of Jenkins (supposing Jenkins addicted to liquor)—and in fact to enter on a universal uproar of Machineries, Eldorados, ‘Unexampled Prosperities,’ which make a great noise for themselves in the days now come,” with much more to the same effect (xx., xiii.). Allowance made for the dialect, we do not see how the pith and root of the matter, the connection between the transactions of the eighteenth century and the industrial and colonial expansion that followed them, could be more firmly or more accurately seized.

It would be unreasonable to expect, these and other writers to isolate the phenomena of national expansion, as

Mr. Seeley has been free to do, to the exclusion of other groups of highly important facts in the movements of the time. They were writing history, not monograph. Nor is it certain that Mr. Seeley has escaped the danger to which writers of monographs are exposed. In isolating one set of social facts, the student is naturally liable to make too much of them, in proportion to other facts. Let us agree, for argument’s sake, that the expansion of England is the most important of the threads that it is the historian’s business to disengage from the rest of the great strand of our history in the eighteenth century. That is no reason why we should ignore the importance of the constitutional struggle between George the Third and the Whigs, from his accession to the throne in 1760 down to the accession of the younger Pitt to power in 1784. Mr. Seeley will not allow his pupils to waste a glance upon “the dull brawls of the Wilkes period.” Yet the author of the *Thoughts on the Present Discontents* thought it worth while to devote all the force of his powerful genius to the exploration of the causes of these dull brawls, and perceived under their surface great issues at stake for good government and popular freedom. Mr. Seeley does justice to the importance of the secession of the American colonies. He rightly calls it a stupendous event, perhaps in itself greater than the French Revolution, which so soon followed it. He only, however, discerns one side of its momentous influence, the rise of a new state, and he has not a word to say as to its momentous consequences to the internal politics of the old state from which the colonies had cut themselves off. Yet some of the acutest and greatest Englishmen then living, from Richard Price up to Burke and Fox, believed that it was our battle at home that our kinsfolk were fighting across the Atlantic Ocean, and that the defeat and subjection of the colonists would have proved fatal in the end to the

liberties of England herself. Surely the preservation of parliamentary freedom was as important as the curtailment of British dominion, and only less important than the rise of the new American state. Even for a monograph, Mr. Seeley puts his theme in too exclusive a frame; and even from the point of his own profession that he seeks to discover "the laws by which states rise, expand, and prosper or fall in this world," his survey is not sufficiently comprehensive, and his setting is too straitened.

Another criticism may be made upon the author's peculiar delimitation of his subject. We will accept Mr. Seeley's definition of history as having to do with the state, with the growth and the changes of a certain corporate society, acting through certain functionaries and certain assemblies. If the expansion of England was important, not less important were other changes vitally affecting the internal fortunes of the land that was destined to undergo this process. Expansion only acquired its significance in consequence of what happened in England itself. It is the growth of population at home, as a result of our vast extension of manufactures, that makes our colonies both possible and important. There would be nothing capricious or perverse in treating the expansion of England over the seas as strictly secondary to the expansion of England within her own shores, and to all the causes of it in the material resources and the energy and ingenuity of her sons at home. Supposing that a historian were to choose to fix on the mechanical and industrial development of England as the true point of view, we are not sure that as good a case might not be made out for the inventions of Arkwright, Hargreaves, and Crompton as for the acquisition of the colonies; for Brindley and Watt as for Clive and Hastings. Enormous territory is only one of the acquisitions or instruments of England, and we know no reason why that particular element of growth should be singled out as overtopping the other elements that made

it so important as it is. It is not the mere multiplication of a race, nor its diffusion over the habitable globe that sets its deepest mark on the history of a state, but rather those changes in idea, disposition, faculty, and, above all, in institution, which settle what manner of race it shall be that does in this way replenish the earth. From that point of view, after all, as Tocqueville said, the greatest theatre of human affairs is not at Sydney, it is not even at Washington, it is still in our old world of Europe.

That the secession of the American colonies was a stupendous crisis, Mr. Seeley recognises, but his dislike of the idea that their example may be followed by other colonies seems to show that he does not agree with many of us as to the real significance of that great event. He admits, no doubt, that the American Union exerts a strong influence upon us by "the strange career it runs and the novel experiments it tries." These novel experiments in government, institutions, and social development, are the most valuable results, as many think, of the American state, and they are the results of its independence. Yet independence is what Mr. Seeley dreads for our present colonies, both for their own sake and ours. If any one thinks that America would be very much what she now is, if she had lost her battle a hundred years ago and had continued to be still attached to the English crown though by a very slender link, he must be very blind to what has gone on in Australia.¹ The history of emigration in Canada, of transportation in New South Wales, and of the disastrous denationalisation of the land in Victoria, are useful illustrations of the difference between the experiments of a centralised compared with a decentralised system of government. Neither Australia nor

¹ The story has been recently told over again in a little volume by Mr. C. J. Rowe, entitled *Bonds of Disunion, or English Misrule in the Colonies*. (Longmans, 1883.) The title is somewhat whimsical, but the book is a very forcible and suggestive contribution to the discussion raised by Mr. Seeley.

Canada approached the United States in vigour, originality, and spirit, until, like the United States, they were left free to work out their own problems in their own way. It is not the republican form of government that has made all the difference, though that has had many most considerable effects. Independence not only put Americans on their mettle, but it left them with fresh views, with a temper of unbounded adaptability, with an infinite readiness to try experiments, and free room to indulge it as largely as ever they pleased. As Mr. Seeley says, the American Union "is beyond question the state in which free will is most active and alive in every individual." He says this, and a few pages further on he agrees that "there has never been in any community so much happiness, or happiness of a kind so little demoralising, as in the United States." But he proceeds to deny, not only that the causes of this happiness are political, but that it is in any great degree the consequence of secession. He seems to assume that if we accept the first proposition, the second follows. That is not the case. Secession was a political event, but it was secession that left unchecked scope and, more than that, gave a stimulus and an impulse such as nothing else could have given, to the active play and operation of all the non-political forces which Mr. Seeley describes, and which exist in much the same degree in the colonies that still remain to us. It is the value that we set on alacrity and freshness of mind that makes us distrust any project that interferes with the unfettered play and continual liveliness of what Mr. Seeley calls free will in these new communities, and makes us extremely suspicious of that "clear and reasoned system," whatever it may be, to which Mr. Seeley implores us all to turn our attention.

II.

We shall now proceed to inquire practically, in a little detail, and in plain English, what "clear and reasoned system" is possible. It is not profit-

able to tell us that the greatest of all the immense difficulties in the way of a solution of the problem of the union of Greater Britain into a Federation is a difficulty that we make ourselves: "is the false preconception which we bring to the question, that the problem is insoluble, that no such thing ever was done or ever will be done." On the contrary, those who are incurably sceptical of federation, owe their scepticism not to a preconception at all, but to a reasoned examination of actual schemes that have been proposed, and of actual obstacles that irresistible circumstances interpose. It is when we consider the real life, the material pursuits, the solid interests, the separate frontiers and frontier-policies of the colonies, that we perceive how deeply the notions of Mr. Seeley are tainted with vagueness and dreaminess.

The moral of Mr. Seeley's book is in substance this, that if we allow "ourselves to be moved sensibly nearer in our thoughts and feelings to the colonies, and accustom ourselves to think of emigrants as not in any way lost to England by settling in the colonies, the result might be, first, that emigration on a vast scale might become our remedy for pauperism; and, secondly, that some organisation might gradually be arrived at which might make the whole force of the empire available in time of war" (p. 298). Regarded as a contribution, then, to that practical statesmanship which is the other side of historical study, Mr. Seeley's book contains two suggestions: emigration on a vast scale, and a changed organisation. On the first, not many words will be necessary. They come to this, that unless the emigration on a vast scale is voluntary, all experience shows that it will fail inevitably, absolutely, and disastrously: and next, that if it is voluntary, it will never on a vast scale, though it may in rare individual instances, set in a given direction by mere movement of our thoughts and feelings about the flag or the empire. It is not sentiment but material ad-

vantages that settle the currents of emigration. Within a certain number of years, 4,500,000 of British emigrants have gone to the United States, and only 2,500,000 to the whole of the British possessions. Last year 179,000 went to the United States, and only 43,000 to Canada. The chairman of the Hudson's Bay Company the other day plainly admitted to his shareholders that "as long as the United States possessed a prairie country and Canada did not, the former undoubtedly offered greater advantages for the poorer class of emigrants." He would not force emigrants to go to any particular country, "but *everything else being equal*, he would exercise what moral influence he could to induce emigrants to go to our own possessions" (Report in *Times*, November 23, 1883). The first step, therefore, is to secure that everything else shall be equal. When soil, climate, facility of acquisition, proximity to English ports, are all equalised, it will be quite time enough to hope for a change in the currents of emigration, and when that time comes the change will be wrought not by emotions of patriotic sentiment, but by calculations of prudence. No true patriot can honestly wish that it should be otherwise, for patriotism is regard for the wellbeing of the people of a country as well as affection for its flag.

Let us now turn to the more important question of some organisation by which the whole force of the empire might be made available in time of war. Our contention is not that the whole force could not, might not, or ought not to be made available. So far as these issues go, the answer would depend upon the nature and the stress of the contingencies which made resort to the whole force of the empire necessary or desirable. All that we argue for is that the result will never be reached by a standing and permanent organisation. Mr. Seeley does not himself attempt to work out any clear and reasoned system, nor was it his business to do

so. Still it is our business to do what we can to take the measure of the idea which his attractive style and literary authority have again thrown into circulation in enthusiastic and unreflecting minds. Many other writers have tried to put this idea into real shape, and when we come to ask from them for further and better particulars, the difficulties that come into view are insuperable.

We shall examine some of these projects, and we may as well begin with the most recent. Sir Henry Parkes, in an article just published, after the usual protestations of the sense of slight in the breasts of our kinsfolk, of the vehement desire for a closer union with the mother country, and in favour of a more definite incorporation of Australia in the realm, proceeds to set forth what we suppose to be the best practical contributions that he can think of towards promoting the given end. The "changes in the imperial connection" which the ex-premier for New South Wales suggest, are these:—1. The Australian group of colonies should be confederated, and designated in future the British States of Australia, or the British-Australian State. 2. A representative council of Australia should sit in London, to transact all the business between the Federation and the Imperial Government. 3. In treaties with foreign nations, Australia must be consulted, so far as Australian interests may be affected, through her representative council. Sir Henry Parkes, we may remark, gives no instance of a treaty with a foreign nation in which Australian interests have been injured or overlooked. 4. Englishmen in Australia must be on an equal footing with Englishmen within the United Kingdom as recipients of marks of the royal favour; especially they should be made peers. 5. The functions of governor should be limited as much as possible to those which are discharged by the Sovereign in the present working of the Constitution, and to State ceremonies. These are

the suggestions which Sir Henry Parkes throws out "without reserve or hesitation," as pointing to the direction in which "well-considered changes" should take place. The familiar plan for solving the problem by the representation of the colonies in the Imperial Parliament he peremptorily repudiates. "That," he says, "would be abortive from the first, and end in creating new jealousies and discontents." What it all comes to, then, is that the sentiment of union between Englishmen here and Englishmen at the Antipodes is to be strengthened, first, by making more Knights of St. Michael and St. George; second, by a liberal creation of Victorian, Tasmanian, and New South Welsh peerages; third, by reducing the officer who represents the political link between us to a position of mere decorative nullity; and fourth, by bringing half a dozen or a score or fifty honest gentlemen, many thousands of miles away from their own affairs, in order to transact business which is despatched without complaint or hindrance in a tolerably short interview once a week, or once a month, or once a quarter, between the Secretary of State and the Agent General. If that is all, we can only say that seldom has so puny a mouse come forth from so imposing a mountain.

"The English people," says Sir Henry Parkes, "in Europe, in America, in Africa, in Asia, in Australasia, are surely destined for a mission beyond the work which has consumed the energies of nations throughout the buried centuries. If they hold together in the generations before us in one world-embracing empire, maintaining and propagating the principles of justice, freedom and peace, what blessings might arise from their united power to beautify and invigorate the world." This is the eloquent expression of a lofty and generous aspiration which every good Englishman shares, and to which he will in his heart fervently respond. But the Australian statesman cannot seriously

think that the maintenance and propagation of justice, freedom and peace, the beautifying and invigorating of the world, or any of the other blessings of united power, depend on the four or five devices, all of them trivial, and some of them contemptible, which figure in his project. Of all ways of gratifying a democratic community that we have ever heard of, the institution of hereditary rank seems the most singular,—supported, as we presume that rank would be by primogeniture and landed settlements. As for the consultative council, which is an old suggestion of Lord Grey's, what is the answer to the following dilemma? If the Crown is to act on the advice of the agents then the imperial politics of any one colony must either be regulated by a vote of the majority of the members of the council—however unpalatable the decision arrived at may be to the colony affected—or else the Crown will be enabled to exercise its own discretion, and so to arrogate to itself the right to direct colonial policy. (Rowe's *Bonds of Disunion*, 356.) The simpleton in the jestbooks is made to talk of a bridge dividing the two banks of a stream. Sir Henry Parkes's plan of union would soon prove a dividing bridge in good earnest.

Sir Henry Parkes does not try to conceal from us, he rather presses upon us by way of warning, that separation from England is an event which, "whatever surface-loyalists may say to the contrary, is unquestionably not out of the range of possibilities within the next generation." "There are persons in Australia, and in most of the Australian legislatures, who avowedly or tacitly favour the idea of separation." "In regard to the large mass of the English people in Australia," he adds on another page, "there can be no doubt of their genuine loyalty to the present state, and their affectionate admiration for the present illustrious occupant of the Throne. But this

loyalty is nourished at a great distance, and by tens of thousands daily increasing, who have never known any land but the one dear land where they dwell. It is the growth of a semi-tropical soil, alike tender and luxuriant, and a slight thing may bruise, even snap asunder, its young tendrils."

"The successful in adventure and enterprise," he says with just prescience, "will want other rewards than the mere accumulation of wealth," and other rewards, may we add, than knighthoods and sham peerages. "The awakening ambitions of the gifted and heroic will need fitting spheres for their honourable gratification," and such spheres, we may be very sure, will not be found in a third-rate little consultative council, planted in a back-room in Westminster, waiting for the commands of the Secretary of State. In short, a suspicion dawns upon one's mind that this sense of coldness, this vague craving for closer bonds, this crying for a union, on the part of some of our colonists, is, in truth, a sign of restless *malaise*, which means, if it were probed to the bottom, not a desire for union at all, but a sense of fitness for independence.

There are great and growing difficulties in the matter of foreign and inter-colonial relations. But these will not be solved by a council which may be at variance with the government and majority in the colony. They are much better solved, as they arise, by a conference with the Agent for the Colonies, or, as has been done in the case of Canada, by allowing the government of the colony to take a part in the negotiations, and to settle its own terms. Fisheries, copyright, and even customs' duties, are instances in point. This is a process which will have to be carried further. Each large colony will have relations to foreign countries more and more distant from those of the mother country, and must be allowed to deal with those relations itself. How this is to be done will be a problem in each case. It will furnish a

new chapter of international law. But it is a chapter of law which will grow *pro re natâ*. Its growth will not be helped or forwarded by any *a priori* system. Any such system would be attended with all the evils of defective foresight, and would both fetter and irritate.

III.

To test the strain that Australian attachment to the imperial connection would bear, we have a right to imagine the contingency of Great Britain being involved in a war with a foreign Power of the first-class. Leaving Sir Henry Parkes, we find another authority to enlighten us upon the consequences in such a case. Mr. Archibald Forbes is a keen observer, not addicted to abstract speculation, but with a military eye for facts and forces as they actually are, without reference to sentiments or ideals to which anybody else may wish to adjust them. Mr. Forbes has traced out some of the effects upon Australian interests of an armed conflict between the mother-country and a powerful adversary. Upon the Australian colonies, he says, emphatically, such a conflict would certainly bring wide-ranging and terrible mischiefs. We had a glimpse of what would happen at once, in the organised haste with which Russia prepared to send to sea swift cruisers equipped in America, when trouble with England seemed imminent in 1878. We have a vast fleet, no doubt, but not vast enough both to picket our own coast-line with war-ships against raids on unprotected coast-towns, and besides that to cover the great outlying flanks of the Empire. These hostile cruisers would haunt Australasian waters (coaling in the neutral ports about the Eastern Archipelago), and there would be scares, risks, uncertainties, that would derange trade, chill enterprise, and frighten banks. Another consideration, not mentioned by Mr. Forbes, may be added. We now do the carrying trade of Australasia to the great

benefit of English shipowners. (See *Economist*, August 27th, 1881.) If the English flag were in danger from foreign cruisers, Australia would cease to employ our ships, and might possibly find immunity in separation and in establishing a neutral flag of her own.

Other definite evils would follow war. The Australasian colonist lives from hand to mouth, carries on his trade with borrowed money, and pays his way by the prompt disposal of his produce. Hence it is that the smallest frown of tight money sends a swift shock, vibrating and thrilling, all through the Australasian communities. War would at once hamper their transactions. It would bring enhanced freights and higher rates of insurance, to cover war risks. This direct dislocation of commerce would be attended in time by default of payment of interest on the colonial debt, public, semi-public, and private. As the vast mass of this debt is held in England, the default of the Englishmen in Australia would injure and irritate Englishmen at home, and the result would be severe tension. The colonial debtor would be all the more offended, from his consciousness that "the pinch which had made him a defaulter would have a purely gratuitous character so far as he was concerned."

"I, at least," says Mr. Forbes, in concluding his little forecast, "have the implicit conviction that if England should ever be engaged in a severe struggle with a Power of strength and means, in what condition soever that struggle might leave her, one of its outcomes would be to detach from her the Australian colonies" (*Nineteenth Century*, for October, 1883). In other words, one of the most certain results of pursuing the spirited foreign policy in Europe, which is so dear to the Imperialist or Bombastic school, would be to bring about that disintegration of the Empire which the same school regard as the crown of national disaster.

It would be a happy day for the Peace Society that should give the colonies a veto on imperial war. It is true that during the Indian Mutiny New South Wales offered to send away the battery for which it paid, but when the despatch actually took place it was furious. Australia has militiamen, but who supposes that they can be spared in any numbers worth considering for long campaigns, and this further loss and dislocation added to those which have been enumerated by Mr. Forbes? Supposing, for the sake of argument, that Australia were represented in the body that decided on war, though we may notice that war is often entered upon even in our own virtuous days without preliminary consent from Parliament, nobody believes that the presence of Australian representatives in the imperial assembly that voted the funds would reconcile their constituents at the other side of the globe to paying money for a war, say, for the defence of Afghanistan against Russia, or for the defence of Belgian neutrality. The Australian, having as much as he can do to carry on from hand to mouth, would speedily repent himself of that close and filial union with the mother-country which he is now supposed so ardently to desire, when he found his personal resources crippled for the sake of European guarantees or Indian frontiers. We had a rather interesting test only the other day of the cheerful open-handedness that English statesmen expect to find in colonial contributions for imperial purposes. We sent an expedition to Egypt, having among its objects the security of the Suez Canal. The Canal is part of the highway to India, so (shabbily enough, as some think) we compelled India to pay a quota towards the cost of the expedition. But to nobody is the Canal more useful than to our countrymen in Australia. It has extended the market for their exports and given fresh scope for their trade. Yet from them nobody dreams of asking a farthing. Nor do the

pictures drawn by Mr. Forbes and others encourage the hope that any Ministry in any one of the seven Australian Governments is likely to propose self-denying ordinances that take the shape of taxes for imperial objects. "He is a hard-headed man, the Australian," says Mr. Forbes, "and has a keen regard for his own interest, with which in the details of his business life, his unquestionable attachment to his not over-affectionate mother, is not permitted materially to interfere. Where his pocket is concerned, he displays for her no special favouritism. For her, in no commercial sense, is there any 'most favoured nation' clause in his code. He taxes alike imports from Britain and from Batavia. His wool goes to England because London is the wool market of the world, not because England is England. He transacts his import commerce mainly with England because it is there where the proceeds of the sale of his wool provide him with financial facilities. But he has no sentimental predilection for the London market."

IV.

Proposals of a more original kind than those of Sir Henry Parkes have been made by the Earl of Dunraven, though they are hardly more successful in standing cross-examination. Lord Dunraven has seen a great deal of the world, and has both courage and freshness of mind. He scolds Liberals for attaching too little importance to colonies, and not perceiving that our national existence is bound up with our existence as an empire. We are dependent in an increasing degree on foreign countries for our supply of food, and therefore we might starve in time of war unless we had an efficient fleet; but fleets, to be efficient, must be able to keep the sea for any length of time, and they can only do this by means of the accommodation afforded by our various dependencies and colonies dotted over

the surface of the globe. This is a very good argument so far as it goes, but of course it would be met, say in South Africa, by keeping Table Mount and Simon's Bay, and letting the rest go. It might, too, as we all know, be met in another way, namely, by the enforcement at sea of the principles of warfare on land, and the abandonment of the right of seizure of the property of private individuals on the ocean.

Besides that, says Lord Dunraven, the colonies are by far our best customers, and our only chance of increasing or maintaining our trade lies in "the development of the colonies." What development means, he does not very clearly explain. Subsidised emigration and all such devices he dismisses as futile. Some means should be devised, he says, whereby the independent colonies should have a voice in the management of matters affecting the empire: what those means might exactly be, he does not even hint. The mother country and the colonies might be drawn closer together by the abandonment of free trade and the formation of an imperial Zollverein or Greater British Customs-Union. In this way, capital would move more freely within the empire from one portion to another—as if capital which has gone from Great Britain to the Australian group of colonies to such a tune that the public indebtedness there is three times the amount per head in the mother country (to say nothing of the vast sums embarked in private enterprise, bringing up the aggregate debt to a million and a quarter), did not move quite freely enough as it is. Supply would at last have an opportunity of accommodating itself to demand without let or hindrance over a large portion of the earth's surface—as if more were necessary for this than the simple reduction of their tariffs, which is within the power of the protectionist colonies without federation, confederation, or any other device whatever. As it is, by the way, the

colonies take nearly four times as much per head per annum of our manufactures as is taken by the United States (32s. against 8s. 4d.).

It is not necessary for me here, even if there were space, to state the arguments against the possibility of a perfect Customs Union embracing the whole British Empire. They have been recently set forth by the masterly hand of Sir Thomas Farrer (*Fair Trade v. Free Trade*, published by the Cobden Club, pp. 38—60). The objections to such a solution rest on the fact that it involves the same fiscal system in countries differing widely as the poles in climate, in government, in habits, and in political opinions. "It would prevent any change in taxation in one of the countries constituting the British Empire, unless the same change were made in all." To require Canada and Australia to adopt our system of external taxation, to model their own internal taxation accordingly, and to continue to insist on that requirement, whatever their own change either of opinion or condition might be, would be simply destructive of local self-government. "Free Trade is of extreme importance, but Freedom is more important still."

V.

Among the devices for bringing the mother country and the great colonies into closer contact, we do not at present hear much of the old plan for giving seats to colonial representatives in the British Parliament. It was discussed in former days by men of great authority. Burke had no faith in it, while Adam Smith argued in its favour. Twenty years before the beginning of the final struggle, the plan was rejected by Franklin. In 1831 Joseph Hume proposed that India should have four members, the Crown colonies eight, the West Indies three, and the Channel Islands one. Mr. Seeley's book may for a little time revive vague notions of the same specific. Sir Edward Creasy, also by

the way a professor of history, openly advocated it, but with the truly remarkable reservation that "the colonies should be admitted to shares in the Imperial Parliament on the understanding that they contributed nothing at all to the imperial revenue by taxation."¹ That is, they are to vote our money, but we are not to vote theirs. As Cobden saw, this is a flaw that is fatal to the scheme. "What is the reason," he asked, "that no statesman has ever dreamt of proposing that the colonies should sit with the mother country in a common legislature? It was not because of the space between them, for nowadays travelling was almost as quick as thought; but because the colonies, not paying imperial taxation, and not being liable for our debt, could not be allowed with safety to us, or with propriety to themselves, to legislate on matters of taxation in which they were not themselves concerned." He also dwelt on the mischief inseparable from the presence of a sectional and isolated interest in Parliament (*Speeches*, i. 568-9). Lord Grey points out another difficulty. The colonial members, he says, would necessarily enrol themselves in the ranks of one or other of our parliamentary parties. "If they adhered to the Opposition, it would be impossible for them to hold confidential intercourse with the Government; and if they supported the Ministers of the day, the defeat of the administration would render their relations with a new one still more difficult" (*Nineteenth Century*, June, 1879). In short, since the concession of independent legislatures to all the most important colonies, the idea of summoning representatives to the Imperial Parliament is, indeed, as one high colonial authority has declared it to be, a romantic dream. If the legislature of Victoria is left to settle the local affairs of Victoria, the legislature of the United Kingdom must be left to settle our local affairs.

¹ *Constitutions of the Britannie Empire* (1872), p. 43.

Therefore the colonial members could only be invited to take a part on certain occasions in reference to certain imperial matters. But this would mean that we should no longer have one Parliament but two, or, in other words, we should have a British Parliament and a Federal Council.

Another consideration of the highest moment ought not to be overlooked. In view of our increasing population, social complexities, and industrial and commercial engagements of all kinds, time is of vital importance for the purposes of domestic legislation and internal improvements. Is the time and brain-power of our legislators, and of those of our colonies too, to be diverted perpetually from their own special concerns and the improvement of their own people, to the more showy but less fruitful task of keeping together and managing an artificial Empire?

VI.

Eight or nine years ago Mr. Forster delivered an important address at Edinburgh on our Colonial Empire. It was a weighty attempt to give the same impulse to people's minds from the political point of view as Mr. Seeley tries to give from the historical. Mr. Forster did not think that "the admission of colonial representatives into our Parliament could be a permanent form of association," though he added that it might possibly be useful in the temporary transition from the dependent to the associated relation. In what way it would be useful, he did not more particularly explain. The ultimate solution he finds in some kind of federation. The general conditions of union, in order that our empire should continue, he defines as threefold. "The different self-governing communities must agree in maintaining allegiance to one monarch—in maintaining a common nationality, so that each subject may find that he has the political rights and privileges of other subjects

wheresoever he may go in the realm;¹ and, lastly, must agree not only in maintaining a mutual alliance in all relations with foreign powers, but in apportioning among themselves the obligations imposed by such alliance."² It is, as everybody knows, at the last of the three points that the pinch is found. The threatened conflict between the Imperial and the Irish parliaments on the Regency in 1788-9 warns us that difficulties might arise on the first head, and it may be well to remember under the second head that the son of a marriage between a man and his sister-in-law has not at present the same civil right in different parts of the realm. But let this pass. The true question turns upon the apportionment of the obligations incurred by states entering a federal union on equal terms. What is to be the machinery of this future association? Mr. Forster, like Mr. Seeley, and perhaps with equally good right, leaves time to find the answer, contenting himself with the homely assurance that "when the time comes, it will be found that where there's a will, there's a way." Our position is that the will depends upon the way, and that the more any possible way of federation is considered, the less likely is there to be the will.

It is not in the mere machinery of federation that insurmountable difficulties arise, but in satisfying ourselves that the national sentiment would supply steam enough to work the machinery. Of course we should at once be brought face to face with that which is in Mr. Forster's judgment one of the strongest arguments against giving responsible government to Ireland, the necessity for a written constitution. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council were engaged only the other day in hearing a dispute on appeal (*Hodge v. the Queen*),

¹ The refusal to allow the informers in the Phoenix Park trials to land in Australia is worth remembering under this head.

² *Our Colonial Empire*. By the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P. Edmonston & Douglas. 1875.

turning on the respective powers of the legislature of Ontario and the Parliament of the Dominion. The instrument to be interpreted was the British North America Act, but who will draft us a bill that shall settle the respective powers of the Dominion legislature, the British legislature, and the Universal Greater British legislature?

It would be interesting to learn what place in the great Staatenbund or Bundes-staat would be given to possessions of the class of the West Indies, Mauritius, the West Coast, and such *propugnacula* of the Empire as Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, or Hong Kong. What have we to offer Australia in return for joining us in a share of such obligations as all these entail? Are her taxpayers anxious to contribute to their cost? Have her politicians either leisure or special competency for aiding in their administration? India, we must assume, would come within the province and jurisdiction of the Federation. It would hardly be either an advantage or a pleasure to the people of a young country, with all their busy tasks hot on their hands, to be interrupted by the duty of helping by men or cash to put down an Indian Mutiny, and even in quiet times to see their politicians attending to India instead of minding their own very sufficiently exacting business.

The Federal Council would be, we may suppose, deliberative and executive, but we have not been told whence its executive would be taken. If from its own members, then London (if that is to be the seat of the Federal Government) would see not only two legislatures, but two cabinets, because it would certainly happen that the Federal Council would constantly give its confidence to men sent to it from the colonies, and not having seats in the British Parliament. In that case the mother of parliaments would sink into the condition of a state legislature, though the contributions of Great Britain would certainly be many times larger than those of all the colonies

put together. If on the contrary view, Great Britain were to take the lead in the Council, to shape its policy, and to furnish its ministers, can anybody doubt that the same resentment and sense of grievance which was in old times directed against the centralisation of the Colonial Office, would instantly revive against the centralisation of the new Council?

Nobody has explained what is to be the sanction of any decree, levy, or ordinance of the Federal Council; in other words how it would deal with any member of the Confederacy who should refuse to provide money or perform any other act prescribed by the common authority of the Bund. If anybody supposes that England, for instance, would send a fleet to Canada to collect ship-money in the name of the Federal Council, it would be just as easy to imagine her sending a fleet in her own name. Nothing can be more absurd than any supposition of that kind, except the counter-supposition that no confederated state would ever fail to fall cheerfully in with the requirements of the rest of them. Mr. Forster has an earnest faith that the union would work well, but that does not prevent him from inserting a possible proviso or understanding that "any member of the Federation, either the mother-country or any of its children, should have an acknowledged right to withdraw from the mutual alliance on giving reasonable notice." No doubt such a proviso would be essential, but if a similar one had been accepted in America after the election of President Lincoln, the American Union would have lasted exactly eighty years, and no more. The catastrophe was prevented by the very effective sanction which the Federalists proved themselves to possess in reserve.

What is the common bond that is to bring the various colonies into a federal union? It is certain that it will have to be a bond of political and national interest, and not of sentiment merely, though the sentiment may serve by way of decoration. We all

know how extremely difficult it was to bring the provinces of Canada to form themselves into the Dominion. It is within immediate memory that in South Africa, in spite of the most diligent efforts of ministers and of parliament, the interests of the Cape, of Natal, of Griqualand, and the two Dutch republics were found to be so disparate that the scheme of confederation fell hopelessly to pieces. In Australia the recent conference at Sydney is supposed to have given a little impulse towards confederation, but the best informed persons on the spot have no belief that anything practical can come of it for a very long time to come, if ever,—so divergent are both the various interests and men's views of their interests. Three years ago a conference of all the Australian colonies was held to consider the adoption of a common fiscal policy. The delegates of New South Wales, South Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, and Western Australia voted in favour of a resolution which recommended the appointment of a joint commission to construct a common tariff, but Victoria voted in a minority of one, and the project was therefore abandoned. If there is this difficulty in bringing the colonies of a given region into union, we may guess how enormous would be the difficulty of framing a scheme of union that should interest and attract regions *penitus toto divisos orbe*.

Another line of consideration brings us still more directly to the same probability of a speedy deadlock. In Mr. Forster's ideal federation there must, he says, be one principle of action throughout the empire concerning the treatment of uncivilised or half civilised races. With the motive of this humane reservation all good Englishmen, wherever they live, will ardently sympathise. But how would a Federal Union have any more power than Lord Kimberley had to prevent a Cape parliament, for instance, from passing a Vagrant Act? That Act contained, as Lord Kimberley confessed,

some startling clauses, and its object was in fact to place blacks under the necessity of working for whites at low wages. He was obliged to say that he had no power to alter it, and we may be quite sure that if the Executive of the Greater British Union had been in existence, and had tried to alter the Act, that would have been the signal for South Africa to walk out of the union. We may look at such contingencies in another way. Great Britain, according to a statement made by Mr. Gladstone in the last session of parliament, has spent more than twelve millions sterling on frontier wars in South Africa during the eighty years that we have been unfortunate enough to have that territory on our hands. The conduct of the colonists to the natives has been the main cause of these wars, and yet it is stated that they themselves have never contributed more than 10,000*l.*, a year towards military expenditure on their account. Is it possible to suppose that the Canadian lumberman and the Australian sheep-farmer will cheerfully become contributors to a Greater British fund for keeping Basutos, Pondos, Zulus quiet to please the honourable gentlemen from South Africa, especially as two-thirds of the constituents of these honourable gentlemen would be not Englishmen but Dutchmen? Yet if the stoppage of supplies of this kind would be one of the first results of the transformation of the mother-country into the step-mother Union, what motive would South Africa have for entering it? On the other hand, is there any reason to suppose that South Africa would contribute towards the maintenance of cruisers to keep French convicts and others out of the Pacific, or towards expeditions to enable the Queensland planters to get cheap labour, or to prevent Australian adventurers from land-grabbing in New Guinea? If it be said that the moral weight of a great union of expanded Englishmen would procure a cessation of the harsh or aggressive policy that leads to these

costly little wars, one can only reply that this will be a very odd result of giving a decisive voice in imperial affairs to those portions of our people who, from their position, and their interests, have been least open to philanthropic susceptibilities. It is perfectly plain that the chief source of the embarrassments of the mother country in dealing with colonies endowed with responsible government would simply be reproduced if a Federal Council were sitting in Downing Street in the place of the Secretary of State.

The objections arising from the absence of common interest and common knowledge may be illustrated in the case of the disputed rights of fishery off Newfoundland. It has been suggested by Lord Grey that in such a matter it would be of great advantage to have in the standing committee of colonial privy councillors which he proposes, a body which would both give it information as to the wishes and opinions of the colonies, and assist in conveying to the colonies authentic explanation of the reasons for the measures adopted. That the agents from Newfoundland could give the Government information is certain, but what light could the agents from New Zealand throw on the fishery question? Then apply the case to the proposal of a Federation. As the question raises discussions with the United States and with France, it is an imperial matter, and would be referred to the Federal Council. That body, in spite of its miscellaneous composition, would be no better informed of the merits of the case than the present cabinet, nor do we know why it should be more likely to come to a wise decision. However that might be, we cannot easily believe that the merchant of Cape Town or the sugar-planter in Queensland, or the coffee grower in Fiji would willingly pay twopence or fourpence of income tax for a war with France, however authentic might be the explanations given to him of the reasons why the fishermen of Nova Scotia had destroyed

the huts and the drying stages of French rivals on a disputed foreshore. We fail to see why the fact of the authentic explanation being conveyed by his own particular delegate should be much more soothing to him than if they were conveyed by the Secretary of State, for, after all, as Mr. Seeley will assure him, Lord Derby and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach are brothers and fellow-countrymen. No, we may depend upon it that it would be a *mandat impératif* on every federal delegate not to vote a penny for any war, or preparation for war, that might arise from the direct or indirect interests of any colony but his own.

I have said little of the difficulties arising from the vast geographic distances that separate these great outlying communities from one another, and from the mother country. But those difficulties exist, and they are in one sense at the root of others more important than themselves. "Countries separated by half the globe," says Mill, in his excellent chapter on the government of dependencies by a free state, "do not present the natural conditions for being members of one federation. If they had sufficiently the same interests, they have not, and never can have, a sufficient habit of taking counsel together. They are not part of the same public; they do not discuss and deliberate in the same arena, but apart, and have only a most imperfect knowledge of what passes in the minds of one another. They neither know each other's objects, nor have confidence in each other's principles of conduct. Let any Englishman ask himself how he should like his destinies to depend on an assembly of which one-third was British American, and another third South African and Australian. Yet to this it must come, if there were anything like fair or equal representation; and would not every one feel that the representatives of Canada and Australia, even in matters of an imperial character, could not know, or feel any

sufficient concern for the interests, opinions, or wishes of English, Irish, or Scotch?"¹ Tariffs, as we have seen, are one question, and the treatment of native races is another, where this want of sympathy and agreement between Englishmen at home and Englishmen in the most important colonies, is open and flagrant.

The actual circumstances of federal unions justify Mill's remark on the impossibility of meeting the conditions of such polities, where the communities are separated by half the globe; nor does the fact that New Zealand is now only forty days from the Thames make any difference. The districts of the Aetolian, and the towns of the Achæan, League were in effect neighbours. The Germanic Confederation was composed of kingdoms and principalities that are conterminous. The American Union is geographically solid. So are the cantons of the Swiss Confederation. The nine millions of square miles over which the British flag waves are dispersed over the whole surface of the globe. The fact that this consideration is so trite and obvious does not prevent it from being an essential element in the argument. Mr. Seeley's precedents are not at all in point.

It is no answer to say, with Mr. Forster, that "English-speaking men and women look at life and its problems, especially the problems of government," with much the same eyes everywhere." For the purposes of academic discussion, and with reference to certain moral generalities, this might be fairly true. But the problems of government bring us into a sphere where people are called upon to make sacrifices, in the shape of taxation if in no other, and here English-speaking men and women are wont not by any means to look at life and its problems, from George Grenville's Stamp Act down to the 333 articles in the tariff of Victoria, with the same eyes. The problems of govern-

ment arise from clashing interests, and in that clash the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin is the resolution not willingly to make sacrifices without objects which are thought to be worth them. If we can both persuade ourselves and convince the colonists that the gains of a closer confederation will compensate for the sacrifices entailed by it, we shall then look at the problem with the same eyes: if not, not. Englishmen at home withdrew the troops from New Zealand, because we did not choose to pay for them. Englishmen in Canada and Victoria do their best to injure our manufactures, because they wish to nurse their own. The substance of character, the leading instincts, the love of freedom, the turn for integrity, the taste for fair play, all the great traits and larger principles may remain the same, but there is abundant room in the application of the same principles and the satisfaction of the same instincts for the rise of bitter contention and passionate differences. The bloodiest struggle of our generation was between English-speaking men of the North and English-speaking men of the South, because economic difficulties had brought up a problem of government which the two parties to the strife looked at with different eyes from difference of habit and of interest. It is far from being enough, therefore, to rely on a general spirit of concord in the broad objects of government for overcoming the differences which distance may chance to make in its narrow and particular objects.

If difficulties of distance, we are asked by the same statesman, "have not prevented the government of a colony from England, why must they prevent the association of self-governing communities with England?" But distance was one of the principal causes, and perhaps we should not be far wrong in saying that it was the principal cause, why the time came when some colonies could no longer

¹ J. S. Mill *On Representative Government*, pp. 317—8.

be governed from England—distance, and all those divergencies of thought and principle referred to by Mill, which distance permitted or caused to spring into existence and to thrive.

The present writer claims to belong as little to the Pessimist as to the Bombastic school—to borrow Mr. Seeley's phrase—unless it is to be a Pessimist to seek a foothold in positive conditions and to insist on facing hard facts. The sense of English kinship is as lively in us as in other people, and we have the same pride in English energy, resolution, and stoutness of heart, whether these virtues show themselves in the young countries or the old. We agree in desiring a strong and constant play between the thoughts, the ideals, the institutions, of Englishmen in the island-home and Englishmen who have carried its rational freedom and its strenuous industry to new homes in every sea. Those who in our domestic politics are most prepared to welcome democratic changes can have least prejudice against countrymen who are showing triumphantly how order and prosperity are not incompatible with a free Church, with free schools, with the payment of members, with manhood suffrage, and with the absence of a hereditary chamber.

Neither are we misled by a spurious analogy between a colony ready for independence and a grown-up son ready to enter life on his own account; nor by Turgot's comparison of colonies to fruit which hangs on the tree only till it is ripe. We take our stand on Mr. Seeley's own plain principles that "all political unions exist for the good of their members, and should be just as large, and no larger, as they can be without ceasing to be beneficial." The inquiry is simply whether the good of the members of our great English union all over the world will be best promoted by aiming at an artificial centralisation, or by leaving as much room as possible for the expansion of individual communities along lines and in channels which they may spontaneously cut out for themselves. If our ideal is a great Roman Empire, which shall be capable by means of fleets and armies of imposing its will upon the world, then it is satisfactory to think, for the reasons above given, that the ideal is an unattainable one. Any closer union of the British Empire attempted with this object would absolutely fail. The unwieldy weapon would break in our hands. The ideal is as impracticable as it is puerile and retrograde.

JOHN MORLEY.

THE WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

It is thirty years since Waagen, in a transport of astonishment, announced to Europe the fact that the dark and savage Albion, to whom her neighbours were accustomed to deny the first vestiges of taste, was really a storehouse of "an almost incredible wealth in works of art." Since that time the passion for collecting pictures has grown to an extraordinary degree, and has spread from the nobility and landed gentry down to a far wider class of wealthy persons. A great many of those whom success in commerce has suddenly, or at least with unusual rapidity, raised to a position in the country, have desired to assert that position, and give it a certain elegance, by investing part of their riches in what is one of the safest of speculations when it is undertaken with liberality and acumen. The spectacle, then, of the daily papers, like the attendants in some old-fashioned print, raising their hands to the right to express surprise, every winter, at the phenomenon of two or three hundred good pictures gathered together at Burlington House and New Bond Street, is a little perfunctory. The country is rich enough to do all this a hundred times over, and what really requires note, and is too generally overlooked, is the singular good-humour and gracious spirit of self-sacrifice which is shown by the possessors of these works.

To the holder of a famous collection of ancestral pictures, no additional value or interest is given to a specimen from his gallery by its being removed to London. On the other hand, the self-denial is obvious. For several months the stately dining-room is disfigured by an unsightly gap, while the processes of removal and of return are attended by an anxiety that the public seldom attempts to realise.

It is much to be wished that the great owners of pictures were as conservative in their treatment of them as they are generous. Not a few of the Sir Joshuas collected at the Grosvenor Gallery have been practically ruined by restoration. So fresh does the paint seem, in certain cases, that we are tempted to believe that the excellent proprietors, on receiving application from Sir Coutts Lindsay, proceeded at once to have their faded and crackled picture smoothed up by a local restorer, that it might have a decent suit of clothes to travel up to London in. Would that they knew how far more delightful to the eye of a connoisseur is Mr. Louis Huth's terribly injured portrait of the P.R.A., in which the contraction of the medium has dragged the paint into fragments, like the surface of a ruined mosaic, than Lord Yarborough's spick-and-span *Mrs. Pelham Feeding Chickens*, a specimen of preposterous restoration, of the history of which rumour says that we are to hear marvellous particulars. What can have happened to this celebrated picture? When it was last seen in 1857, its delicate painting and mellow warmth of colouring were the subjects of eulogy.

It is much to be desired that more collectors should lean to the heresy of the old Duke of Devonshire, who had such a detestation of picture-cleaners, that he erred in the opposite direction, and allowed his gallery to settle into a dry and dirty state. No doubt in many instances the perilous scalliness which we regret would have been avoided if a decent care of the pictures had been taken, and people who are fortunate enough to possess old masters should strive to keep in the middle path that lies between neglect and restoration.

The winter of 1883-4 will be me-

moreable in the annals of art for the unprecedented collections of the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds which were brought together at the Grosvenor Gallery, where two hundred and nine pictures—the great majority undoubtedly genuine—have been examined by the public. Twenty-five others were simultaneously on view at the Royal Academy, so that Reynolds has certainly been the feature of the year. It is scarcely necessary to point out that abundant as this double collection is, it represents but a small section of the great painter's production. Still, it was far larger than any that has been seen before, and eclipses the exhibitions of 1813 at the British Institution, and that of the National Portrait Exhibition of 1867. In the course of the present season, the last-mentioned show, at which one hundred and fifty-five examples of Sir Joshua were seen, has been widely discussed. Less is remembered about the exhibition of 1813, which, nevertheless, forms an important landmark in the history of the art of our country.

The British Institution—a society which had been formed in 1806 by Sir Thomas Bernard, with very much the same design as actuated the founder of the Grosvenor Gallery in our own day—determined in the seventh year of its existence to turn its attention from the encouragement of living art to the inauguration of an antiquarian exhibition. This was the nucleus of all the loan collections which have since become so famous. The notion presented a great variety of difficulties. In the first instance, it was a question with the work of what master it would be well to begin. To this the universal answer was "Sir Joshua Reynolds." The great President had been dead twenty years, and the time seemed ripe for a review of his work. It was doubted whether it would be possible to secure the pictures, but no difficulty was found in doing this. The Prince Regent lent his own pictures, and so did Sir Joshua's good friend, the Earl of Upper Ossory, and

the fashionable world followed. The exhibition contained 142 examples (not 113 as Redgrave states), and the private view was held with great pomp on the 8th of May, 1813, when, at a grand commemorative dinner in Willis's Rooms, to which the Prince Regent had been conducted from the gallery, in a covered way, by the Marquis of Stafford, the toast of "The Memory of Sir Joshua Reynolds" was drunk with the utmost solemnity and effusion. The room was filled with those who still preserved a living memory of his suave and cordial presence. Such was the ceremony by which the first loan collection of old pictures in England was brought before the notice of the public; and after seventy years it is not uninteresting to review the original of which we are now so used to see imitations.

There is very little, or far too much, to be said about Sir Joshua Reynolds's paintings in detail to occupy us here. To dwell on them one by one would be to repeat what has been already done, and well done, by the principal critics of the country. All that we can permit ourselves are a few general remarks. In entering the rooms of the Grosvenor Gallery we are certainly struck first of all by the excellence of that observation which Northcote made to Hazlitt, that Sir Joshua's portraits look like reflections in a mirror, while Titian's look like living men and women. The passage of time, which has been notoriously cruel to the surfaces of Sir Joshua's works, has aided this dim and lustrous illusion, so that often we seem not only to see a face in a mirror, but in a dusty or even a cracked one. But if in a few instances this effect exceeds what the painter intended, he worked consciously towards that direction. He desired to flood his canvases with an atmosphere of light, and to obtain form by a wavering outline and a broken surface. He had formed a horror of that definite, hard drawing which was practised in the school of Thomas Hudson, under

whom he had learned the elements of his art.

It is this power of drawing a figure, without apparent science, in a bath of air and light, which Reynolds positively created, at least in the English school, and he created along with it an insight into character, and a power of constructing it in a work of art, which was no less unique. Lady Stanley of Alderley's *Mrs. Nesbitt as Circe* is an example of both these qualities in their most transcendent form. We are not sure that we should not select it as the most favourable text that is to be found at the Grosvenor Gallery from which to preach a little homily on the qualities of Sir Joshua. Here the whole composition swims in light—the light of a hot summer's day in England. To Reynolds's students the picture has a particular interest from the dubious nature of the circumstances under which it was painted. To all the world it must be attractive from the strange and bewitching poetry which the artist has thrown around its execution. The demure and voluptuous expression of the lady, with the curious touch of satire introduced in the white cat, is given with the penetration of a diplomatist; we feel the painter to be almost as cat-like as the lady was. He throws a veil of lovely light over her features, her dress, her elegant and furtive hands, but he does so with a skill which leaves her character easily to be divined by those who have eyes to see.

This is the answer to those who tell us that Reynolds was a snob. Such critics judge too coarsely; their own instincts are not fine enough to fathom the great master's subtle irony. He was one of the finest students of human nature that has ever lived, and one of the most optimistic; for perceiving, as clearly as a Juvenal or a Pope, the weakness and baseness of the human creature, he nevertheless did not reject it, but delighted in its physical beauty, its courtliness of manner, its flashes of virtue, its passages

of tenderness and amenity and self-sacrifice. The critics who condemn him are of that class whose perceptions do not help them to detect any difference between an etching and the photographure of a water-colour drawing. There are some men whose senses are blunted, whose faculties permit them to perceive nothing but what is obvious and straightforward. And it is critics of this class who start the mischievous allegations against genius which it is so difficult to make way against; who assure a too-easily-persuaded world that Fielding was a debauchee, and Swift a madman, and Reynolds a mere vulgar snob.

When the spirit in which Reynolds painted the fashionable world that passed through his studio is under discussion, it may be worth while to refer to a passage in those admirable *Discourses* of his which are all too little regarded nowadays, and which a modern publisher would do well to revive:—

“If a portrait-painter is desirous to raise and improve his subject, he has no other means than by approaching it to a general idea. He leaves out all the minute breaks and peculiarities in the face, and changes the dress from a temporary fashion to one more permanent, which has annexed to it no ideas of meaning from its being familiar to us. But if an exact resemblance of an individual be considered as the sole object to be aimed at, the portrait-painter will be apt to lose more than he gains by the acquired dignity taken from general nature. It is very difficult to ennoble the character of a countenance but at the expense of the likeness, which is what is most generally required by such as sit to the painter.”

Perhaps the great claim that Sir Joshua seldom fails to make upon our interest and respect depends upon the fact that he succeeds in solving the problem which he here states to be so difficult. He was the first in England to attempt to idealise a head without loss of individual character; in other words, to learn a head by heart, to seize it at the height of its varied scale of expression, and to send it down to posterity with the truth upon it; but as a now living portrait-painter

used to be fond of saying, "the truth told in love." This is perhaps to be seen to most advantage, not at the Grosvenor Gallery, but in the marvellous pictures from Bowood. It is hardly possible to believe that any mortal Maria Linley could have reached the seraphical sweetness, the heavenly tenderness and purity, of this exquisite *St. Cecilia*. Here, at least, we say, Sir Joshua must have ennobled the countenance of his sitter at the expense of the likeness. But no, all tradition says that it was a marvellous portrait, and we recollect that it was said of the lady that at certain times she seemed to be "half-way between the woman and the angel." It is the wonderful art of Reynolds that he has known how to wait until some word was said, some chord of feeling struck, which brought to that delicate face the angelical look that he wanted to secure.

Many visitors to the Royal Academy will be inclined to mark the day on which they saw the Lansdowne pictures as a white-letter one. The marquis is the principal exhibitor this year, and during his absence in Canada the public enters into the enjoyment of his treasures. It is perhaps not generally known that the pictures which are now divided between Lansdowne House and Bowood have nothing at all to do with the old and once famous Lansdowne Collection, which was dispersed in 1805. Mrs. Jameson was informed that in 1809 there was not a single cabinet picture in either of the family residences. The present collection was formed entirely by the late marquis, whose love of art and liberality to connoisseurs made him widely respected and beloved. Among the English pictures in the first gallery of Burlington House there are not a few which come from Bowood. Among the Reynoldses the superb *Lady Ilchester* is pre-eminent, although *Hope Nursing Love* hangs close beside. Of the works by other masters, perhaps the most important is Callcott's *Pool of the Thames*, because this has been

named the masterpiece of its author. This canvas is not dated, but it evidently belongs to the earlier period of the painter's career, and could, no doubt, be traced in the catalogues of the Royal Academy. It is one of the largest pictures Callcott ever painted, and perhaps the best, being full of light and harmonious effects of the study of Van de Velde's silvery tones.

Zoffany is a slightly earlier English master, who can seldom be so agreeably studied as in the Lansdowne *Macclin as Shylock*, probably painted almost immediately after the painter's return from India in 1790, for it displays the rich and deep tones which Zoffany only achieved after his seven years' exile. Another rare and interesting painter is represented among the Bowood pictures. There can be little doubt that *The Forsaken*, a charming little example of Gilbert Stuart Newton, is the picture exhibited at the British Institution in 1821, by which Newton first came prominently before the public. It is a pity that the *Royal Academy Catalogue* this winter is almost totally devoid of dates; the critic is therefore thrown upon conjecture, as in this case, and is very liable to be mistaken. We may go on to say, in this connection, that the pretty little Wilkie, called *Grand-mamma's Cap*, was painted in 1810, and therefore belongs, like its pendant, *The Jew's Harp*, to that painter's period of early and brilliant success. To close the enumeration of the principal English pictures from Bowood, Gainsborough's famous *Nancy Parsons* hangs on the spectator's right hand as he enters the third gallery. But the planet of Gainsborough is quite obscured this year by the commanding luminary of his great rival.

But Romney holds his own more vigorously. On the other side of the doorway (a pendant to *Nancy Parsons*) hangs a most interesting record of a triple friendship—Romney's painting of *Flaxman Modelling the Bust of Hayley*—a charming composition, as fresh and clear as when it was painted. Romney

has introduced his own portrait into the background, just as Flaxman wrote the account of Romney which appeared in Hayley's life. These three men, who were so anxious that their names should appear in connection with one another, had but little idea that time would so grotesquely alter their relative position, that now, if it were not for the painter, who keeps his level path of fame, it would hardly seem possible to mention the sublime sculptor and the minute poetaster in the same breath. Three or four other excellent Romneys, figures of beautiful women, hang in the same gallery. The Richard Wilsons in the first room are among the most exquisite examples which have been lately seen of a poet-painter, of whom his own age was not worthy, and who, after a century of obscurity, is beginning to be held at his proper valuation again. The suffrages of amateurs will probably be divided between Mr. Huth's *Italian Landscape* and Mr. Ford's *Lake of Nemi*. The latter, probably the same picture which figures in the *Royal Academy Catalogue* for 1775, appears to us to be the most complete and magical example of Wilson with which we are acquainted. It has the romantic grace of an ode by Collins. Another eighteenth century landscape painter, but one of far less power (Alexander Nasmyth, the pupil of Allan Ramsay) is represented by a *Glencoe*. Of the two interesting but well-known figure-pieces of Hogarth, the second, that containing portraits of the Strode family, has passed into the possession of the nation since the exhibition opened. Portraits of well-known artists by their colleagues are always interesting, and therefore we call attention to those of Wilton the sculptor, by Reynolds, of Wilson, by himself, of Cipriani, by Dance, of Stothard, by John Jackson, and of Hayman, by Reynolds.

The Dutch pictures at the Royal Academy are particularly numerous and precious. Here again Bowood has poured forth its marvellous treasures.

The best work from the Low Countries this year is beyond doubt Lord Lansdowne's great Ruysdael, *The Storm*. In this magnificent sea-piece, one of the painter's momentous skies hangs, big with menace, over a stretch of ocean tormented by surf and surge, and breaking on two rough piers. This picture recalls the *Storm on a Dutch Dyke*, at the Louvre, only to assert its own superiority. This large work, in which the imaginative genius of Jacob van Ruysdael is seen in its highest expression, has an interesting pedigree of which the catalogue gives no hint. It came originally out of the Sydervelt Collection in Amsterdam, in 1766, when 19*l*. was paid for it. After changing hands several times, Smith bought it from the Marquis Rialva, and brought it to England, in 1824; and since 1829 it has been in the collection at Bowood. Lord Lansdowne gave 535*l*. for it in that year, and the value of it now is perhaps the double of that sum. There are few more interesting landscape-painters than Wynantsz, the presumed master of Ruysdael. We find here an interesting example of his work, lent by Mr. Leyland. It is dated 1669, and therefore takes a place very late in the painter's career, but it shows no decay of his natural powers. Wynantsz is one of the creators of modern landscape, and among the most extraordinary problems of the history of art is the secret of his apprenticeship to landscape. With no apparent predecessor, and with no remains of a preliminary struggle, he suddenly presents himself to us the finished, scrupulous, and meticulous master which he remained to the close of his life. Mr. Layland's is a large example of Wynantsz, and displays his favourite subject of a winding road, the outskirts of a wood, some cottages in the background. Lord Lansdowne's *Bergheim* is a little cabinet picture, less animated in composition than some of this master's work, but admirable for its luminous quality and pleasant glow of colour. Whatever attractions the

brilliant execution of Berghem can display, are seen here. Nothing can entirely redeem the monotony, the want of sincerity, the ignorance of nature, which are radical with this painter, who lived too far into the age of periwigs. Mr. Massey Mainwaring contributes a little Van der Heyden, which has the interest of deviating from the set series of urban views for which he is principally famous. The excellent inventor of extincutors and lighterman to the city of Amsterdam has here abandoned his trim streets for a brief sentimental distraction among ruins and weeping-willows.

Mr. Massey Mainwaring is also the fortunate possessor of a beautiful Terburg, which hangs on the visitor's left hand as he enters the second gallery. It is a figure of a man, standing at a table, in a simple attitude of attention, as though about to speak. The beauty of execution recalls that of the marvellous *Soldier offering Gold to a Girl* of the Salon Carré. There has never lived another master who contrived to reach this exact perfection of Terburg—the vigorous richness of tone combined with a brush-work so delicate and exact that the light seems to hang about every object upon which the eye rests. With this figure of a man must be compared that of a lady, also lent by Mr. Mainwaring, and the famous *Letter* from Buckingham Palace. Lord Lansdowne lends his charming little Maas, an *Interior of a Cottage*, painted with great vigour, and a rich play of light which is not unworthy of his master, Rembrandt.

The two greatest of the Dutchmen, Rembrandt and Franz Hals themselves, are not unworthily represented at Burlington House. Lord Howe sends two figures of young men by the latter, which are among the most delightful and the most spirited pieces in the exhibition. The one of them in which the youth plays the guitar recalls the *Fool* of the Amsterdam Museum, and is not less

solid and vigorous in execution. The modelling of this head, which is overshadowed by a wide-brimmed hat, and relieved against a white collar, is of an unsurpassable firmness and thoroughness, and should be studied with the greatest care by our young English portrait-painters, whose work, even when it is most meritorious, would, we are afraid, look thin and weak by the side of this heroic work with the brush. Lord Lansdowne's Rembrandt is a portrait of a lady in a black dress with a ruff, a very agreeable study. The great golden Cuyp that faces the spectator as he enters the second gallery, comes from the collection of Lord Scarsdale. It is a superb and extremely characteristic example of the great master of irradiated mist. The light that hangs on the steep cliffs on the left hand of the picture could only have been painted when Aalbert Cuyp had completely mastered his famous receipt for rendering the burning colours of amber in which a peaceful summer afternoon declines. The sea-pieces of Cuyp are less common than his cattle-pieces, and the two delicious scenes from Bowood will have many admirers. They were studied, perhaps, from the shores of the busy waterway of the Meuse at Dordrecht.

With the pictures of the English and Dutch school the interest of the present winter exhibition at Burlington House practically closes. It is true that we have isolated works, a fine Holbein, or rather Mabuse, a capital Murillo, a great octagonal ceiling by Rubens, two characteristic figures by Vandyck, but these are all of the nature of swallows that do not make a summer. Nor is this the proper time and place for discussing the curious and obscure pictures of the Siennese and Tuscan schools which hang in the fourth gallery. This archaic art has a fascination of its own, but to study it with sufficient authority to speak of it instructively is not given to many living critics. Here is a head attributed to Cosimo

Tura, but who knows whether Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle would not assign it rather to Zoppo? It is ill work to cast one's affections upon a Squarcione, and then rudely to learn that perhaps there never was such a master, and that any fool could see that this is a Bono or a Pizzolo. The study of the minor Italian painters of the *cinque-cento* is a thorny path, and a modest critic may well bethink him of that "second and best manner of Alessio Beldovinetti," which set Hogarth's picture-quack skipping across the gallery. Yet, without pedantry, we may desire to hear what the learned have to say about the extremely interesting set of newly-discovered heads from San Martino.

To most visitors the interest of the exhibition at Burlington House, after the Lansdowne Collection has been considered, will centre around the fifth gallery, which is filled with a selection from the works of the late Paul Falcener Poole. We are very glad that an opportunity has been given to a truly poetical painter, who seemed through life just to miss the place he aimed at, to assert his individuality after death, and we are very far indeed from agreeing with those critics who dismiss this body of pictures as unimportant because they are unequal, and because a certain intellectual fibre is wanting in them. Poole died as lately as 1879, but already he has become a very shadowy figure to most of us. He was a shy, austere, retiring man, personally known to very few, holding himself aloof from his fellows. Those few who recollect him, think of him as a kindly and hospitable person, whose hospitality and whose kindness had to be taken by storm. He lived almost like one of Wordsworth's solitaires, "contented if he might enjoy the things that others understand." He was gentle and dreamy almost to excess; the brooding dream had subdued him to melancholy.

Poole was not a great painter as a handicraftsman at any time, and

was conscious probably of the unwholesome influence that coarser men, more masters of the brush, had upon him all through his life. His career was a struggle between the tradition that paid and the genuine creed that did not pay. He had been taught in the schools to paint pretty subjects according to certain conventions. Collins, Leslie, and Philips weighed upon him with their recipes for the production of briskly-sellable pictures. We see at Burlington House the first work in which he succeeded in effecting his own release from Italian peasants and English water-cress-gatherers, his curious *Solomon Eagle* of 1843. But we do not see the works in which he strove to attain this result—his *Hermann and Dorothea* of 1840, or his *By the Waters of Babylon* of 1842. It is perhaps well that these have not been shown us, for the *Solomon Eagle* is a very curious and but partially successful performance. In 1884, at least, it seems to us not quite successful, but in the Royal Academy of 1843, side by side with Collins's *The World or the Cloister*, and Leslie's *Scene from the Vicar of Wakefield*, and Howard's transparency called *Peace*, we know that it struck all comers as a vigorous, manly composition in which something more spirited than the cover of a decorated bonbon-box was aimed at.

It was at this moment, after the success of his *Solomon Eagle*, that Poole should have had the courage to come out in his true colours, and to leave the early Victorian painters to their gentility. But the tradition was too strong for him, and he went on painting as they had taught him to paint in the Academy schools, merely relapsing again and again into the poetry that he really loved. There cannot be the least doubt that he possessed various qualities in common with the late Gabriel Rossetti. If the spectator will examine the head of Robert peeping through the trees in *Robert, Duke of Normandy*, and *Arletta*, he will see a piece of painting which

aims at the very class of effect, and seeks after the very same species of beauty, which Rossetti was always aiming at and seeking after. I should be prepared to hear that Rossetti, then twenty years of age, had noticed and admired this painting in the exhibition of 1848. But while Rossetti was an iron temperament formed to influence and lead others, to take a firm grip of men, and lead them whither he would, Poole had more of a jelly-fish nature, luminous, sensitive, painfully impressionable, unstable as Reuben. His solitariness was, doubtless, caused to a great extent by his experience of his own malleable nature. His fear of external influence took strange forms. When the fashion came in of decorating the studio, and filling it with curios, Poole emptied his of almost all its furniture, strenuously anxious not to do as other men did. The collection of his works shows us strangely enough what odd freaks temperament commits. If we had not seen the *Trial of a Sorceress*, we could not have believed that so important a painter as Poole, with his practice of style, could, at the age of fifty, be unconsciously drawn out of his own manner into that of an artist so far below him in merit as Sir John Gilbert. But in Gilbert's work there is vehemence, fibre, nerve, and Poole was led captive by it for a season, as meekly as the needle follows the magnet. Even when he was true to his own better nature, he displayed technical shortcomings which are far more fatal to his place in art than the obvious and half-wilful errors of Blake or Rossetti. With him they were the result of intellectual weakness, not of perversity or obstinacy. The cardboard animal in *A Lion in the Path*, and the warriors which grow bigger the further off they lie in the *Goths in Exile*, are unpardonable. It may be noted also, as showing the limited judgment of the man, that in the composition of *Job and his Friends* the interest, to any one who does not glance at the catalogue, rests on the

boy who is pouring out wine, whom the other seven persons appear to be watching, as if he were performing a religious ceremony.

These are the limitations of the talent of Poole, but his merits are neither few nor slight. If his poetic quality was what has, since the days of Coleridge, been called fancy rather than imagination, if his romance was obvious and somewhat thin, it was thoroughly genuine. *The Seventh Day of the Decameron* could only have been painted by a man who had drunk at the very sources of beauty. This picture combines the love of rich and simple colouring with voluptuous sentiment, and then relieves these cloying beauties against a cold and stern landscape of a refreshing wildness. This desolate tarn in the savage uplands is "ringed round by a flame of fair faces," and if Poole has been careless to reproduce the fairy lake that Boccaccio describes, his landscape is more apposite as a commentary on the *Decameron* than a more correct version of the scene would be. His wild landscapes are almost always good. That in *A Lion in the Path* is of quite heroic merit, the sinister aspect of a still piece of water in a rocky sterile country, being admirably rendered. He has repeated this effect of mountain melancholy again and again, and always with success; we meet with it in *The Cave of Mammon*, *The Dragon's Cavern*, and in *The Prodigal Son*. There remains to be pointed out what is perhaps Poole's highest claim to remembrance—the exquisite manner in which he painted moonlight. His romantic fancy was here most thoroughly at ease; he had learned to do this one thing consummately; and hence it is his best moonlight picture, *Cunstaunce sent Adrift by the Constable of Alla*, that remains the gem of his work, and on the whole the one of his pictures which most thoroughly satisfies the spectator.

At the Fine Art Society's rooms, 148, New Bond Street, there is open at the same time a collection of the

works of an artist who may profitably be compared with Poole, if only for purposes of contrast. But Mr. Alfred W. Hunt, whose oil-pictures and water-colour drawings every one should go to see, is a truer master within the limits which he has laid down for himself than Poole can ever be said to have been. If in Poole fancy was predominant, Mr. Hunt aims at imagination or at nothing. In the Royal Academician's work, as in all that Burlington House approved of in the way of landscape, scenery was treated as an accessory, as a touching and exciting aid to the concentration of strong feeling on the figures. The landscape of *A Lion in the Path* would not have interested Poole if the naked man had not been there, tortured by his doubts, dividing the swift mind between this horror and that. To heighten the awful stress of this emotion, Poole has painted his grey rocks, and corpse-like pool, and purple mountain. But for Mr. Alfred Hunt, as for Turner, as for Wordsworth, nature is in herself enough to excite the mind with terror or with ecstasy. In the bewitching picture called *Time and Tide*, we have a whole drama depicted before our eyes—the turmoil of the tide-distracted waters; the lustrous pool at the edge of the stress of conflict; the ragged battalion of clouds that marches across the heavens; the myriad interests and fluctuations of the grassy valley—all these contain their dramatic, nay, their tragic elements in their mode of presentation, and would gain nothing, but only lose extremely, from the introduction of a human figure. No painter, except Turner himself, has understood so well how to express that Wordsworthian afflatus when to the soul in a beautiful solitude—

“The sky seems not a sky
Of earth—and with what motion move the
clouds.”

It has been mentioned to me that a distinguished foreign painter, in presence of these works of Mr. Alfred

Hunt, found fault with the whiteness of them. He said they lacked tone, and decorative force: “You want great dashes of strong colour in them, they look like holes in the wall.” The criticism is admirably true of the best English landscape in general, but we should accept it without acknowledging the fact to be a demerit. It is, indeed, a characteristic of our English landscape that it is a hole in the wall, a window through the wall into the world of light and atmospheric colour. In the solitary case of Turner it may be said that this object is really attained; it is sometimes successfully attained by Mr. Alfred Hunt, and when we have said this, we have really awarded praise of the very highest order. French landscape, on the other hand, is always dependent, not on light, but on tone. The tone may be silvery and high in key, as in Corot; it may be so steeped in richness of colour as to deceive the very elect, as in the matchless best pieces of Rousseau, it is radically a harmony in every case founded upon tone alone, and the most interesting point in the picture will always be the darkest point, instead of the lightest, as in an English picture.

Mr. Alfred Hunt's oil-paintings have never been seen to advantage before. The Royal Academy has never been a congenial home to Mr. Hunt. At the Water-Colour Society, on the other hand, his drawings have formed a noticeable feature of the exhibition for more than twenty years. They are unequal in interest, for the same reason that makes Wordsworth unequal. Both the poet and the painter take so much more intimate a pleasure in all the forms of nature than their students are likely to do, that they do not always see that combinations of form or conditions which are exciting to them leave the reader or spectator unmoved. We should be glad if Mr. Hunt would return to the pale vermillion glories of sunset and the funereal purple palls which he used to cast about his Whitbys and his Harlechs.

E. W. G.

THE LITERATURE OF INTROSPECTION: AMIEL'S *JOURNAL INTIME*.¹

LAST month we were occupied in trying to justify to ourselves and others that self-scrutinising, reflective literature, best described by the general name of the Literature of Introspection. We seemed to find a sufficient reason for its existence in the light which it throws on the recesses of human nature, and in the knowledge which is to be gathered from it of some of the most intimate processes of consciousness, and some of the most delicate relations between the visible world and the human spirit. We might, however, have carried our apology a little further. In this summing up of the profits and disadvantages attaching to the talent of introspection, we might have considered not only the audience but the speaker, not only the knowledge or the edification which the literature of introspection brings to ourselves, but its necessity and inevitableness, so to speak, to those who produce it. For to many men it represents simply the natural need of which they are most conscious. Action from one cause or another is impossible to them. Expression of themselves in the ordinary direct forms of literature is painful to them, and hindered by a hundred difficulties. But in this self-analysis, these fragmentary descriptions of passing impressions, these quick reflections of the gleams and shadows flitting across life, whatever gift they have finds itself at home. A life which would otherwise have been dumb and baffled pours itself into a journal, and so succeeds in handing on to those coming after it thoughts capable of kindling in other minds the fire which was interfused with them at birth and which is still glowing at the

heart of them. Or a rich nature marred by some congenital weakness, or by some inequality of growth which has hindered it from flowering and expanding in more normal ways, preserves its health and sanity by means of the self-abandonment of written reverie, and thinking only of its own imperious needs, at once soothes its private grief and does its appointed work for mankind.

Such a nature was that of Henri-Frédéric Amiel, the Genevese professor, of whose posthumous journal we ventured to prophesy last month that it would take rank among the permanent utterances of introspective and imaginative literature. The fragments of self-analysis, of reverie, and of criticism, which bid fair to make Henri Amiel famous, represent practically the only means at command by which one of the most richly stored of minds could render up to society some of the wealth gathered by it in its passage through life and human affairs. But for the *Journal Intime*, Amiel, with all his genius and his learning, would have died two years ago, leaving no memory behind him. If you turn over any modern study of Genevese life, you will find him mentioned with honour as a poet and as a writer skilled in *finer moralités*. But his name occurs in conjunction with many others which have no chance of living beyond their generation, and excites no greater warmth of comment than theirs. Anybody acquainted with the Genevese literary class since 1848 will recall Amiel readily, will lift his eye-brows as you talk to him of Amiel's special gift or of the genius which raises him into a place apart, cherishing perhaps meanwhile some secret wonder at the eccentricities of choice which seem to beset the literary inquirer when he

¹ Henri-Frédéric Amiel; *Fragments d'un Journal Intime*. Paris, Sandoz et Thuillier. 1883.

comes to deal with literatures not his own. More than this, the *Journal Intime* has been in many ways a revelation even to those who knew Amiel best and had watched him with the most sympathetic and friendly eyes. "It will be one of the curious facts of literary history," says M. Scherer in the admirable introduction prefixed to his friend's journal, "this difference between what *was* known of our friend and what will now be known. He was thought sterile and he is inexhaustible; he was reproached for wasting his time on *jeux d'esprit*, and we discover in him an extraordinary profundity of thought and sentiment. In his manner of writing, we were annoyed sometimes by a kind of affectation, and now in the *Journal* his style becomes large and even magnificent, throwing into philosophy all that personal emotion can give it of eloquence and force."

In his lifetime, indeed, his friends had been perpetually irritated by the discordance between his promise and his production, between the Amiel they knew and the Amiel whom the world knew. Here was a man capable, as his intimate companions felt, of organising a new philosophy, or of changing the face of some department of criticism, and whose work should have formed a part of the most solid intellectual achievement of our day. And all the use that he could be discovered to be making of his great gifts—beyond the performance of his routine work as a professor—was in the production of successive small volumes of verse, ingenious and pleasant enough, but none the better as verse for the elaboration spent upon them, and standing, as the friends felt with some exasperation, in the place which rightfully belonged to work of a very different kind. Every now and then he would have his returns upon himself, and would appeal to one of his intimate circle for help towards a line of production more worthy of him. The appeal would bring advice and remonstrances of the most serviceable kind, but all in vain. The offender

was incorrigible. Amiel produced no philosophy and no literary criticism, and instead, another book of poems would appear in due time, and find the small circle of appreciative readers which was all it could rightfully claim.

So things went on, till at last Amiel died. His papers came into his friends' possession, and the puzzle of his life was explained. For in the journal lay the key to the whole mystery. All the wealth of Amiel's nature was there—his learning, his critical power, his poetical glow; but also all its disabling weakness. It was seen that Amiel was the victim of one of those spiritual maladies which are the result of thought abnormally developed at the expense of the practical energies of the personality. Carried by incessant intellectual labour and an unusually subtle and receptive temperament far beyond the limitations in which the thought of ordinary men is content to rest, beyond the relativities of creed and custom which shelter the daily life of the world from too close contact with the inexorable problems surrounding it, Amiel had as it were lost all the natural human relish for life. In simple earnest and without affectation, nothing appeared to him intellectually worth doing, and hardly any of the larger activities of life had sufficient value in his eyes to counter-balance the risk, or, as Amiel would have said, the certainty of disillusion which waits upon all possession and achievement. No section of truth could or should be expounded by the philosopher without an exhaustive knowledge of every other section, since nothing had any importance in itself but only in its relation to the great whole of things. And this great whole, this infinite, was not to be apprehended by man with his brief span of life and his imperfect intellectual equipment. It is man's curse—Amiel seemed to say—that he is forced to act and to decide while it is impossible for him to collect, in his brief span of life, all the data

necessary for action or for decision. These thoughts indeed are not peculiar to Amiel; they lurk in the path of every thinker, they form the *Sturm und Drang* of every clear-eyed soul. But in most men their force is only intermittent; the natural spell of life upon them is so strong that no flights of speculation make action less necessary to them, or fame and love and the mere energy of living less delightful. With Amiel, on the contrary, this insufficiency of everything that is not the whole, the best, everything that is not absolute and perfect, becomes a living creed which governs all his daily life. It makes it impossible for him to thrive in any piece of serious and organised intellectual work, it holds him off from love and marriage, and it makes him leave his pleasures half-tasted lest he should exhaust them and be brought up too roughly against the cold reality of human weakness and insufficiency.

And yet strange to say, in spite of this general bent of the nature, no one was ever more human than Amiel on certain sides, or more readily thrilled by the common motives of human character. Entirely fearless as a thinker, now speaking the language of the pure mystic, and now chilled by an awful suspicion of the universal indifference of nature, his *temperament* was before all things religious. All religious emotion in others drew and touched him, while its action upon himself may be seen by the way in which all his philosophical thought clothes itself ultimately in the glow and fervour of poetry. There was no moroseness about him. He delighted in friends, in children, in natural beauty, always indeed under protest as it were from his sceptical self, but still with a sincerity and *abandon*, while he allowed himself to be happy, which made him loved and welcome wherever he was well known. And for all his renunciations and his sterility it is evident that he at least felt himself compensated by those moments of

spiritual absorption and ecstasy which he has described to us in certain marvellous passages of the journal, as well as by that abiding intellectual passion, that *amor intellectualis*, which in the mind devoted to the search for speculative truth takes the place of sensuous pleasure in other men.

Here, then, we have a first general impression of the man whose innermost thought, as it has been laid bare to us since his death, is likely to live with that quiet tenacity of life which belongs to all the great utterances of the spirit. M. Scherer's preface adds a few facts as to the outward circumstances of his career, which may be brought into the picture before we fill it up by quotations from the journal itself. Henri Amiel was of Genevese parentage, and was left an orphan while still a child. His school-life seems to have been more or less unhappy. There must always have been something antipathetic in his nature to the positive temper and the delight in trenchant formulæ which are characteristic of the Genevese, whether as Rationalists and Republicans, or as Methodists and religious reformers. At any rate, the sensitive, poetic boy found himself much more at home in the German universities of Heidelberg and Berlin, whither he was sent after the completion of his school-days. "It was at Geneva," says M. Scherer, "that the child's rising needs of confidence and affection had been chilled by indifference or irony; it was at Heidelberg and Berlin that the world of science and philosophical speculation had opened upon the dazzled eyes of the young man. The four years which he passed at Berlin represented what he called his 'intellectual phase,' and, as he was very near adding, the happiest period of his life. He remained for a long time under the spell." Philosophy at Berlin was divided about 1846 between the school of Hegel and a younger race of thinkers, to whom physiological and chemical fact was infinitely more interesting than any of the Hegelian hypotheses.

That Amiel returned home deeply penetrated with the Hegelian spirit is clear from the journal. At the same time no form of speculation which might happen to come across a nature so sensitive and so receptive was likely to leave it altogether uninfluenced. To judge from the journal and from the extracts in M. Scherer's preface—for as to the bearing of his philosophical teaching at Geneva M. Scherer gives us no information—we may perhaps describe Amiel's thought to ourselves as Hegelianism rising on the one side into ecstasy and mysticism, and crossed and modified on the other by all sorts of influences borne in upon it from the world of positive science. At any rate the four years in Germany were years of vital importance to the young man's development. From the lecture-rooms in which the great figure of Hegel must have seemed still lingering, he brought back tendencies which could scarcely have developed in the dryer air of Geneva. Precision and sharpness of expression, and a cultivated cosmopolitan tradition, were his natural heritage as the son of a French-speaking community; and to these his German experience, working upon natural aptitude, had added profundity and subtlety of thought, so that to the friends who welcomed back the wanderer to Geneva in 1848 his future may well have seemed one of extraordinary promise.

Amiel, however, entered upon his Genevese career at an unfortunate moment. Three years before his return, in 1846, Genevese society had passed through a revolutionary crisis, ending in the overthrow of the Conservative *régime* which, subject to some modifications from 1842 onwards, had subsisted since 1814. The overthrow of the Conservatives had meant the ousting from power of the aristocratic families, and the supremacy of the Genevese *ouvriers*, led by their versatile and unscrupulous chief, James Fazy. The first act of the victors had been, as the Americans would say "to purify the civil service," and among

the functionaries dismissed or driven to resign, had been the majority of the professors at the Academy, then the centre of Genevese education, and the stronghold of conservative and aristocratic opinion. Several of the chairs remained vacant for some time, and in 1849, Amiel, just returned from Berlin, was offered and accepted the professorship of aesthetics. He had been an entire stranger to the political struggles of the preceding years, and could therefore accept the post from the Government of Fazy, without prejudice to any earlier ties or obligations.

None the less, his appointment made him a marked man in the eyes of the class which, although defeated politically, was socially and intellectually as strong as ever, and Amiel found himself shut out from the only circles in which he would have been naturally at home. "His isolation at Geneva," says M. Scherer, "was very great, and particularly cruel for a nature which we now know to have been always hungry for affection." To this isolation no doubt was due a certain amount of that incapacity for action which Amiel himself attributed to an overdeveloped speculative tendency. For some natures, everything depends upon the moral climate in which they find themselves. The climate surrounding Amiel's early maturity was harsh and unfavourable. And in the absence of much of the ordinary stimulus which keeps life healthy, speculative thought absorbed him more and more, his practical power weakened, and his journal became the only friend with whom it was possible for him to be altogether unreserved.

In 1854 he exchanged the chair of aesthetics for the chair of philosophy. During the twenty-eight years which elapsed between this change and his death, he published three volumes of poems, and one or two other slight literary performances, and in February, 1881, he died, after a long illness, at the age of sixty. His papers were bequeathed to his literary executor, M. Joseph Hornung, a well-known

brother professor at the Academy, and to a friend, to whose discretion the task of selection from the papers was specially confided. The result of their joint labours appeared in the publication of the first volume of the *Journal Intime*, preceded by M. Scherer's brilliant and interesting introduction, in the spring of last year. A second edition of the first volume has already appeared, and all Amiel's readers are looking anxiously for the second volume which is promised shortly.

The *Journal Intime* may be analysed into three main elements—that of philosophical meditation, that of religious and poetical description, and that of literary and political criticism. The first is the most striking element; we are seized, even in turning over the pages, by the speculative passion of the book. In our description of it we may begin with Amiel's power—a power which he shares with the mystics of all ages—of passing into the hidden life of things, and of exulting in the keenly realised community between his individual existence, and the living principle which animates the great whole of the universe. The mysteries of contemplative aspiration have never been expressed with a nobler eloquence. "Divine moments," he calls them, "hours of ecstasy, when thought flies from world to world, penetrates the great enigma, breathes with a respiration large, tranquil, and profound, like that of the ocean, and hovers serene and boundless like the blue heaven! Visits from the muse Urania, who traces around the foreheads of those she loves, the phosphorescent nimbus of contemplative power, and who pours into their hearts the tranquil intoxication, if not the authority, of genius; moments of irresistible intuition, in which a man feels himself great like the universe, and calm like God! From the celestial spheres, down to the shell or the moss, the whole of creation is, as it were, submitted to our gaze, lives in our breast, and accomplishes in us its eternal work with the regularity

of destiny and the passionate ardour of love. What hours! what memories! the traces of them which remain are enough to fill us with respect and enthusiasm, as though they had been visits of the Holy Spirit. And then to slip back again from these heights with their boundless horizons into the muddy ruts of triviality,—what a fall! Poor Moses! thou also sawest before thee in the distance the undulating hills of the Promised Land; yet it was thy fate to lay thy weary bones in a grave dug in the desert. Which of us has not his promised land, his day of ecstasy and his death in exile! What a pale counterfeit is real life of the life beyond, of which we have only glimpses, and how these flaming lightnings of our prophetic youth make the twilight of our sad and monotonous manhood more dull and gloomy!"

There is the true mystical note in this, the note characteristic in some degree of all poetic and aspiring souls.

In Amiel, however, this power of rising beyond his immediate individuality into the general life, reached a far higher, and if we may so call it, more realistic point than this, and if we are really to grasp his special personality we must press this inner experience of his a little further. His descriptions of it will often, at first reading, have very little meaning to us. It is only as we come to dwell upon them, and to connect one passage with another, that we are able to penetrate and apprehend one of the strangest of spiritual dramas, whether we make it a mere matter of imagination, or whether we are willing to allow it any objective reality. For Amiel is capable not only of feeling his individuality in the great whole of things, but of stripping himself gradually of this individuality itself. The illustration of this point will bring us across some hard sayings, but they are indispensable to a real understanding of Amiel, and no one who has read the journal can doubt their absolute sincerity. In some scattered *pensées*

printed at the end of one of his volumes of poems he described a mental process to which he was accustomed to give different names, calling it sometimes "simplification," sometimes "re-implication," sometimes "Proteism," but of which the principle was always the same, a withdrawal to the deepest basis of personality, to the potential germ of life at the root of every existence. The thinker, he declared, is able, if he will, "to reduce himself to the condition of a germ, a point, a latent existence, to free himself from space and time, from the body and from life, to plunge from circle to circle till he reaches the darkness of his primitive being, and experiences through innumerable metamorphoses the sensation of his own genesis." M. Scherer was startled by this passage, and questioned Amiel as to its meaning. Amiel quietly replied that it represented a real experience.

In his journal indeed and in the extracts from other sources quoted in the introduction there is a perpetual recurrence to the same theme. "Mine is a Protean nature," he exclaims, "capable of endless metamorphosis and polarisation. It loves form and yet itself assumes no definite form. Subtle and fugitive as it is, no basis can wholly absorb or fix it, and from every temporary combination it reissues free, volatile, and despairingly independent. I have to make an effort to affirm myself, to personalise myself as it were. The abyss attracts and draws me perpetually. The infinite tempts me, the great mystery fascinates me, the unification, the *henosis* of Plotinus intoxicates me like a philtre. It is my opium, my *haschich*. With me, the disgust for individual life, and the swallowing up of my private will in the pure consciousness of universal activity is instinctive; it is my chief tendency, and my greatest weakness."

Or again, in still more wonderful language, of which M. Scherer says "we are assisting here at prodigies of speculative thought, described in a language not less prodigious."

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"I find no voice for what I experience. I feel myself profoundly withdrawn from outer life; I hear my heart beating and my life passing. It seems to me that I am become a statue on the banks of the river of Time, that I am assisting at some mystery, whence I shall issue old, or no longer capable of age. I feel myself anonymous, impersonal, with an eye fixed like that of the dead and a spirit vague and universal like the Absolute or the Nothing which enwraps us. I am as it were suspended; I am as though I were not. In these moments it seems as if my consciousness withdrew into its eternity. It sees circulating within it its stars and its nature, with its seasons and its myriads of individual things. It perceives itself in its very substance, superior to all form, containing its past, its present, and its future, a void which includes everything, a medium at once fertile and invisible, the virtuality of a world which disengages itself from its own existence in order to recover itself in its pure essence. In these sublime moments, the soul has returned to the state of indetermination, she has unravelled herself, she has become once more a divine embryo. Everything effaces and dissolves itself, resumes the primitive state, returns into its original fluidity, without form, without angle, without fixed plan. This condition is contemplation and not stupor. It is neither painful, nor joyous, nor sad; it is beyond everything special in feeling as it is beyond everything finite in thought. It is the consciousness of being, and the consciousness of the omni-possibility latent in the depth of being. It is the sensation of the spiritual infinite."

Such an experience is perhaps only intelligible to those who have a root of mysticism in them. To Amiel, however we may explain it, it was appallingly real. The tendency he describes coloured and shaped his whole life, and at times his sense of loneliness in the midst of a world of

thought whither no sympathy could follow him, was almost unbearable, and his awe and passion found expression in such splendid sentences as these:—"Is it the breath of eternal things which chills thee with the shudder of Job? What is man, this weed which a sunbeam withers? What is our life in the infinite gulf? A sort of sacred terror takes possession of me, and not only for myself but for my race, for all that is mortal. Like Buddha I feel the great wheel turning, the wheel of universal illusion, and in this dumb stupor there is a veritable anguish. Isis raises the corner of her veil, and he who perceives the great mystery is struck with dizziness. I dare not breathe. It seems to me that I am suspended by a thread above the unfathomable abyss of destiny. It is as though one were face to face with the Infinite, and with the intuition of universal Death."

It was impossible that such a tendency as this could coexist with a normal aptitude for practical life. Amiel suffers from his incapacity for action, or, as he would put it, for living. There are moments when the desire to express himself in literature or to appropriate to himself the common human joys of life and home becomes painfully strong. But he no sooner takes a step in either direction than reaction overtakes him. The inner life, with its boundless horizons, its indescribable exaltations, seems endangered. Is he not about to place between himself and the radiant vision of speculative truth some barrier of sense and matter? And the thought that he may so entangle and darken his own life, that he may come to feel himself and none other responsible for the loss of the divine presence and the enslavement of the spiritual faculty, is intolerable to him. One is reminded of Clough's cry under a somewhat similar experience:—

"If this pure solace should desert my mind,
What were all else? I dare not risk this
loss.

To the old paths, my soul!"

And so it came about that Amiel's life remained hidden and unknown till the moment came for it to render up its gathered wealth to the common store. "Let the living live," he had said to himself, while still young. "It is your business to leave behind you the legacy of your thought and your heart: you will be of most use so." As yet, in the account we have given of it, we have touched only the envelope as it were of this legacy. For under the shelter of his speculative habit, Amiel's nature was rich in all that makes spiritual fullness, in love, in self-devotion, in aspiration towards God and tenderness towards man. As we have seen, he had his moments of pessimism, of utter spiritual despondency. It is one of his greatest charms, this absolute sincerity of his, which, without any regard for a false consistency, or any consciousness of an audience to be edified, lets us see his thought swaying to and fro, as the thought of the true thinker must and does sway under the pressure of the manifoldness of experience. The doubt which is inherent in the very conditions of life touches him, as it touches every sensitive soul, and you have his instinctive cry of pain, his "intuition of universal death." But in general, what is most beautiful in him is the temper of springing hope, the unconquerable pathetic persuasion that all is yet well with the world, that the ideal order of things subsists, which interpenetrates all his thought and brings him near to every human joy and emotion. The faculty of transmutation, which enables him to throw himself into other experiences and existences, has its human and every-day as well as its mystical side. Living himself in the highest region of speculative debate, there is yet no wall of separation between him and the religious life around him. In a certain sense, every aspiration, every belief, was true and real to him. And his temperament was before all things receptive, religious, impressionable. The religious ideas which had moulded the civilisation from which he sprang were still intertwined with his own

being, and we may come across expressions in him as to "sin" and "grace," and tenderesses of religious feeling, which are in curious contrast to some of his bolder flights.

His religious language indeed expands and widens in proportion as the man becomes more and more identified with his thought, and many of his confessions of faith may well stand for typical utterances of that modern spirit which, in the midst of doubt, will neither sacrifice its knowing nor its believing, but clings passionately to both. Here are a few extracts which will illustrate both his speculative breadth and his fervour of idealist faith :—

"For many years past," he wrote, three months before his death, "the immanent God has been more real to me than the transcendent God. The religion of Jacob has been more strange to me than that of Kant, or even of Spinoza. It seems to me that what remains to me from all my studies is a new phenomenology of mind, an intuition of the universal metamorphosis. All special convictions, all clear-cut principles and formulae, all ideas that may be taught to or imposed on others, are only prejudices, which may be useful in practice, but which are, after all, narrownesses of mind. The absolute in detail is absurd and contradictory. All political, religious, æsthetic, or literary parties are, as it were, excrescences of thought. Every special belief represents thought become stiffened and obtuse. But this consistency is necessary in its place and time. Our nature, in its capacity of thinking monad, frees itself from the limits of time and space, and from its historical medium, but in its individual capacity, and for the sake of action, it adapts itself to current illusions, and proposes to itself a determinate end."

Here we have the thinker. Now let us turn to the idealist and poet :—

"Each sphere of being tends towards a higher sphere, and has already revelations and presentiments of it.

The ideal under all its forms is the anticipation and the prophetic vision of this existence higher than its own towards which every being aspires. This higher and more dignified existence is more inward in its nature, that is to say, more spiritual. Just as volcanoes reveal to us the secrets of the interior of the globe, so enthusiasm and ecstasy are the passing explosions of this inner world of the soul, and human life is but the preparation and the means of approach to this spiritual life. The degrees of initiation are innumerable. Watch, then, disciple of life, and labour towards thy future development, for the divine Odyssey is but a series of metamorphoses more and more ethereal, where each form, the result of what precedes it, is the condition of those which follow it. The divine life is a series of successive deaths, in which the mind throws off its imperfections and its symbols, and yields to the growing attraction of the ineffable centre of gravitation, the sun of intelligence and love."

Or again—

"So you have returned to me, kind fragrances of spring! You gladden me again after a long absence. This morning the poetry of the scene, the song of the birds, the tranquil sunlight, the breeze blowing over the fresh green fields, all rose into and filled my heart. Now all is silence. Oh, silence, thou art terrible! Terrible as the calm of the ocean, which allows the eye to penetrate into its fathomless abysses. Thou lettest us see in ourselves depths which make us giddy, inextinguishable needs, treasures of suffering. Let temptations come! They agitate at least the surface of these waters, with their terrible secrets. Let passions blow! In raising the waves of the soul, they veil its bottomless gulfs. In all of us, children of dust, sons of time, eternity inspires an involuntary anguish, and the infinite, a mysterious terror. We seem to be entering a kingdom of the dead. Poor heart, thou desirest life, thou desirest love, thou art hungry for

illusions. And thou art right after all, for life is sacred. . . . Ah, let us feel and live, and beware of too much analysis. Let us put spontaneity, *naïveté*, before reflection, experience before study; let us make life itself our teacher. . . . Do no violence to yourself; respect in yourself the oscillations of feeling. They are your life and your nature; One wiser than you ordained them. Do not abandon yourself altogether either to instinct or to will. Instinct is a siren, will a despot. Be neither the slave of your impulses and sensations of the moment, nor of an abstract and general plan: be open to what life brings from within and without, and welcome the unforeseen; but give to your life unity, and bring the unforeseen within the lines of your plan."

Before we turn to his more mundane side, we may linger a little over a few short passages which show his poetical feeling at its highest and sweetest. Where shall we find a lovelier vindication of the place and power of reverie than this?

"We must know how to put occupation aside,—which does not mean that we must be idle. In an inaction which is meditative and attentive, the wrinkles of the soul are smoothed away, and the soul itself spreads, unfolds, and springs afresh, and like the trodden grass of the roadside, or the bruised leaf of a plant, repairs its injuries, becomes new, spontaneous, true, and original. Reverie, like the rain of night, restores colour and force to thoughts which have been blanched and wearied by the heat of the day. With gentle, fertilising power it awakens within us a thousand sleeping germs, and, as though in play, gathers around us materials for the future, and the images in which talent must clothe itself. Reverie is the *Sunday of thought*, and who knows which is the more important and fruitful for man, the laborious tension of the week or the life-giving repose of the Sabbath?"

The two following pieces have the

haunting force of poetry: they are full indeed of a Wordsworthian charm, of a sort of tender, yet austere, grace. Take this passage on Autumn:—"There are two forms of Autumn: there is the misty and dreamy Autumn, there is the vivid and brilliant Autumn; almost the difference between the two sexes. Is not every season both masculine and feminine in some fashion? Has it not its minor and its major scale, its two sides of light and shadow, gentleness and force? Perhaps. All that is perfect is double; each face has two profiles, each coin two sides. The scarlet Autumn stands for vigorous activity; the grey Autumn for meditative feeling. The one is expansive and overflowing; the other still and withdrawn. Yesterday our thoughts were with the dead. To-day we are celebrating the vintage."

Or this comparison, drawn from the lake which has inspired so many poetical souls:—" (From Vevey to Geneva.) What message had this Lake for me, with its sad serenity, its soft and even tranquillity, in which mountains and clouds repeated themselves with their cold and monotonous pallor? That disenchanted, disillusioned life may still be traversed by duty, lit by a memory of heaven. A clear and profound intuition awoke in me of the flight of things, of the fatality of life, of the melancholy which is below the surface of existence, and also of the deepest depth which is below all."

Two more quotations of a different kind must be added before we bring our short analysis to an end. They belong to Amiel's political and literary self, to the man who, with all his mysticism, was an excellent citizen, a warm friend, and one of the keenest and most delicate of critics. The one illustrates his attitude towards modern democracy—an attitude of misgiving on the whole—and the other is a criticism of Chateaubriand, whom he disliked, while rendering ample homage to his splendid talents. "*Imagination*

magnifique, mais mauvais caractère," he calls him.

"The time of great men is going; the epoch of the ant-hill, of life in multiplicity, is coming. The century of individualism, if abstract equality triumphs, runs a great risk of seeing no more true individuals. By continual levelling and division of labour, society will become everything and man nothing. As the floor of the valleys is raised by the denudation and washing down of the mountains, what is average will rise at the expense of what is great. The exceptional will disappear. A plateau with fewer and fewer undulations, without contrasts or oppositions—such will be the future aspect of human society. The statistician will register a growing progress, and the moralist a gradual decline; on the one hand a progress of things, on the other a decline of souls. . . . Is this indeed the fate reserved for the democratic era? May not the general well-being be purchased too dearly at such a price? Creation, which we see in the beginning, for ever tending to disengage and multiply differences, will she in the end return upon her steps, and efface them one by one? And equality, which in the dawn of existence is mere inertia, torpor, and death, is it to become at last the natural form of life? Or rather, above the economic and political equality to which the socialist and non-socialist democracy aspires, taking it too often for the term of its efforts, will there not arise a new kingdom of the mind, a church of refuge, a republic of souls, in which, far beyond the region of mere right and sordid utility, beauty, devotion, holiness, heroism, enthusiasm, the extraordinary, the infinite, shall have a worship and an abiding city? Utilitarian materialism, barren well-being, the idolatry of the flesh and of the self, of the temporal and of mammon, are they to be the goal of our efforts, the final recompense promised to the labours of our race? I do not believe it. The ideal of humanity is somewhat different and higher. But the

animal in us must be satisfied first, and we must first banish from among us all suffering, which is superfluous and has its origin in social arrangements, before we can return to spiritual ideals."

This is in Amiel's characteristic tone. The criticism of Chateaubriand has a sharpness unusual to him.

"Essentially jealous and choleric, Chateaubriand from the beginning was inspired by mistrust, by the need of contradicting, of crushing and conquering; and this motive may always be traced in him. Rousseau seems to me his point of departure, the man who suggested to him by contrast and resistance all his replies and attacks. Rousseau is revolutionary; Chateaubriand therefore writes his *Essay on Revolutions*. Rousseau is republican and Protestant; Chateaubriand will be royalist and Catholic. Rousseau is *bourgeois*; Chateaubriand will glorify nothing but noble birth, honour, chivalry, and deeds of arms. Rousseau conquered Nature for French letters, above all the Nature of the mountains and of the Swiss and Savoyard lakes. He pleaded for her against civilisation. Chateaubriand will take possession of a new and colossal Nature, of the ocean, of America; but he will make his savages speak the language of Louis XIV.; he will bow Atala before a Catholic missionary, and will sanctify passions born on the banks of the Mississippi by the solemnities of Catholic ceremonial. Rousseau was the apologist of reverie; Chateaubriand will build the monument of it, in order to break it in René. Rousseau preaches Deism with all his eloquence, in the Savoyard vicar; Chateaubriand surrounds the Roman creed with all the garlands of his poetry in the *Génie du Christianisme*. Rousseau appeals to natural law and pleads for the future of nations; Chateaubriand will only sing the glories of the past, the ashes of history, and the noble ruins of empires. Always a rôle to be filled, cleverness to be displayed, a *parti-pris* to be upheld, and fame to be won. His theme,

one of imagination; his faith, one to order; but sincerity, loyalty, candour, seldom or never. Always a real indifference, simulating a passion for truth; always an imperious thirst for glory instead of devotion to the good; always the ambitious artist, never the citizen, the believer, the man."

Perhaps we have quoted enough to illustrate a few rapid general appreciations of his gift as a whole, and of the place which his work is likely to take in literature. Much no doubt depends upon the second volume. There are possibilities of monotony inherent in all writing of this kind; and repeated too often, some of Amiel's characteristic notes might become wearisome. M. Scherer however assures the present writer that the second volume, when it appears, will be open to no such reproach. In all probability indeed, and judging from the extracts given from it by M. Scherer, it will be of even greater interest than the first, for it will take us through Amiel's last illness; it will show us the sensitive, courageous soul as it bore itself under the sharpest and most searching appeals of experience, in its farewell to life and its submission to death. But if the later portions of the book do but carry on the quality of the earlier, there can be little doubt as to Amiel's claim on his generation. He has that gift of inwardness, of sensitiveness to all the large questions, which never demands attention in vain. Fresh spiritual experience thrown into noble form—this is what he has to offer us. It is the eternal contribution of the poets to the human store. And such natures as Amiel and Maurice de Guérin must rank with the poets. There is nothing in common between them and the *preachers* of literature, the men who speak, as it were, from a height to the crowd and in the interests of a particular set of convictions. Amiel has no wish to convince you, to discourse to you, or intellectually to do you good. In his own mind he is persuaded that all ideas which can be taught and infused "are in

their ultimate analysis prejudices, narrownesses of the mind." What he seeks is first of all to know and feel for himself, and then to throw his thought and feeling into shape, with his eye on the object all the time, and his whole nature bent on the struggle to seize and fix the fugitive intangible vision. And he succeeds, or succeeds as far as human thought and language, used not scientifically but poetically, can succeed, in grappling with the matter of the highest imaginative or speculative thought.

Can we give him higher praise? In a day of confusion and transition, is not the world more in need than ever of such inspirers and pioneers of thought, so free intellectually, so stable and satisfying morally? They stand, as it were, between the two certitudes, the metaphysical or the theological, with which they have practically nothing in common, and the scientific with which they have a great deal, but which yet is never able to obtain complete possession of them. For the scientific certitude proclaims that there is nothing knowable beyond phenomena. Whereas a mind like Amiel's, while intellectually it feels all the force of the arguments urged by science, is yet practically persuaded that beyond and below phenomena there is "a deepest depth" in which love and duty have their source, a Divine consciousness which is the root of ours. It is to these composite natures, one may prophesy, that the shaping of the future belongs. For the force of things is against the *certain* people. Again and again truth escapes from the prisons made for her by mortal hands, and in the van of the endless pursuit are the men of Amiel's type, clear-eyed, impetuous, untiring, their eager speech flashing back to us behind some dim conception of the great vision as it appears to them.

"And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see;
But if we could see and hear, this Vision—
were it not He?"

M. A. W.

THE WIZARD'S SON.

CHAPTER XLVI.

WHILE Oona was standing on the verge of these mysteries a trial of a very different kind had fallen to Walter. They had exchanged parts in this beginning of their union. It was his to lead the two elder ladies into those rooms which were to him connected with the most painful moments of his life, but to them conveyed no idea beyond the matter of fact that they were more comfortably furnished and inhabitable than was to be expected in such a ruin. Even to Mrs. Methven, who was interrogating his looks all the time, in an anxious endeavour to know what his feelings were, there seemed nothing extraordinary in the place save this. She seated herself calmly in the chair, which he had seen occupied by so different a tenant, and looking smiling towards him, though always with a question in her eyes, began to express her wonder why, with Auchnasheen so near, it had been thought necessary to retain a dwelling-place among these ruins; but since Walter did from time to time inhabit them, his mother found it pleasant that they were so habitable, so almost comfortable, and answered old Macalister's apologies for the want of a fire or any preparations for their coming with smiling assurances that all was very well, that she could not have hoped to find rooms in such careful repair. Mrs. Forrester was a great deal more effusive. She was pleased beyond measure to see everything, which was what nobody on the loch had done for many years. Even on the occasion when the Williamsons invaded Lord Erradeen's solitude they had not been admitted to any investigation of this part of the house; and she examined every-

thing with a flow of cheerful remark, divided between Lord Erradeen and his old servant, with whom, as with everybody on the loch, she had the acquaintance of a lifetime.

"I must see your wife, Macalister," she said, "and make her my compliment on the way she has kept everything. It is really just a triumph, and I would like to know how she has done it. To keep down the damp even in my little house, where there are always fires going, and every room full, is a constant thought—and how she does it here, where it is so seldom occupied— The rooms are just wonderfully nice rooms, Lord Erradeen, but I would not say they were a cheerful dwelling—above all, for a young man like you."

"No, they are not a very cheerful dwelling," said Walter with a smile, which to his mother, watching him so closely, told a tale of pain which she did not understand indeed, yet entered into with instinctive sympathy. The place began to breathe out suffering and mystery to her; she could not tell why. It was cold, both in reality and sentiment, the light coming into it from the cold north-east, from the mountains which stood up dark and chill above the low shining of the setting sun. And the cold affected her from his eyes, and made her shiver.

"I think," she said, "we must not stay too long. The sun is getting low, and the cold——"

"But where is Oona?" said Mrs. Forrester. "I would not like to go away till she has had the pleasure too. Oh, yes, it is a pleasure, Lord Erradeen—for you see we cannot look out at our own door without the sight of your old castle before our eyes, and it is a satisfaction to know what there is within. She must have stayed out-

side among the ruins that she was always partial to. Perhaps Macalister will go and look for her—or, oh! Lord Erradeen, but I could not ask you to take that trouble.”

“My lord,” said old Macalister aside, “if it had been any other young lady I wad have been after her before now. Miss Oona is just wonderful for sense and judgment; but when I think upon yon wall——”

“I will go,” said Walter. Amid all the associations of this place, the thought of Oona had threaded through every movement of his mind. He thought now that she had stayed behind out of sympathy, now that it was indifference, now—he could not tell what to think. But no alarm had crossed his thoughts. He made a rapid step towards the door, then paused, with a bewildering sense that he was leaving two innocent women without protection in a place full of dangers which they knew nothing of. Was it possible that his enemy could assail him through these unsuspecting simple visitors? He turned back to them with a strange pang of pity and regret, which he himself did not understand. “Mother,” he said, “you will forgive me—it is only for a moment?”

“Walter!” she cried, full of surprise; then waved her hand to him with a smile, bidding him, “Go, go—and bring Miss Forrester.” Her attitude, her smile of perfect security and pleasure, went with him like a little picture as he went down the spiral stairs. Mrs. Forrester was in it also, in all her pretty faded colour and animation, begging him—“Dear me, not to take the trouble; for no doubt Oona was just at the door, or among the ruins, or saying a word to Hamish about the boat.”

A peaceful little picture—no shadow upon it; the light a little cold, but the atmosphere so serene and still. Strange contrast to all that he had seen there—the conflict, the anguish, which seemed to have left their traces upon the very walls. He hurried

down stairs with this in his mind, and a lingering of all his thoughts upon the wistful smiling of his mother's face—though why at this moment he should dwell upon that was a wonder to himself. Oona was not on the grassy slope before the door, nor talking to Hamish at the landing-place, as her mother suggested. There was no trace of her among the ruins. Then, but not till then, Walter began to feel a tremor of alarm. There came suddenly into his mind the recollection of that catastrophe of which he had been told in Edinburgh by its victim; it sent a shiver through him, but even yet he did not seriously fear; for Oona was no stranger to lose herself upon the dangerous places of the ruin. He went hurriedly up the steps to the battlements, where he himself had passed through so many internal struggles, thinking nothing less than to find her in one of the embrasures, where he had sat and looked out upon the loch. He had been startled, as he came out of the shadow of the house, by a faint cry, which seemed to issue from the distance, from the other extremity of the water, and which was indeed the cry for help to which Oona had given utterance when she felt the wall crumbling under her feet, which the wind had carried far down the loch, and which came back in a distant echo. Walter began to remember this cry as he searched in vain for any trace of her. And when he reached the spot where the danger began and saw the traces that some other steps had been there before him, and that a shower of crumbling mortar and fragments of stone had fallen, his heart leaped to his throat with sudden horror, but it was calmed by the instant reassurance that had she fallen there he must have found her below. He looked round him bewildered, unable to conceive what had become of her. Where had she gone? The boat lay at the landing-place, with Hamish in waiting; not a flutter of a veil was to be seen to afford any trace of her; all was silence about and around.

"Oona!" he cried, but the wind caught his voice too, and carried it away to the village on the other bank, to her own isle away upon the glistening water, where Oona was not. Where was she? His throat began to grow parched, his breath to labour with the hurry of his heart. He stood on the verge of the precipice of broken masonry, looking now to the stony pinnacles above, where nothing but a bird (he thought) could have found the way; now over the ruined battlements to the ledge of rock upon which the waters rose and fell; now down, with an agonised gaze, into the interior, where—thank Heaven for so much certainty—she could not have fallen, but saw nothing, heard nothing, save the rustle of the awful silence which wounded his ear, and the vacancy that made his eyes ache with a feverish strain.

The two mothers meanwhile talked calmly in the room below, where Macalister had lighted the fire, and where, in the cheerful blaze and glow, everything became still more cosy and tranquil and calm. Perhaps even the absence of the young pair whose high strain of existence at the moment could not but disturb the elder souls with sympathy, made the quiet waiting, the pleasant talk, more natural. Mrs. Methven had been deeply touched by her son's all unneeded apology for leaving her. She could have laughed over it, and cried, it was so kind, so tender of Walter, yet unlike him, the late awakening of thought and tenderness to which she had never been accustomed, which penetrated her with a sweet and delightful amusement as well as happiness. She had no reason to apprehend any evil, neither was Mrs. Forrester afraid for Oona. "Oh no, she is well used to going about by herself. There is nobody near but knows my Oona. Her family and all her belongings have been on the loch I might say since ever it was a loch; and if any stranger took it upon him to say an uncivil word, there is neither man nor

woman for ten miles round but would stand up for her—if such a thing could be," Mrs. Forrester added with dignity, "which is just impossible and not to be thought of. And as for rough roads or the hillside, I would trust her as soon as the strongest man. But I would like her to see the books and what a nice room Lord Erradeen has here, for often we have been sorry for him, and wondered what kind of accommodation there was, and what good it could do to drag the poor young man out of his comfortable house, if it was only once in the year——"

"And why should he come here once in the year?" Mrs. Methven asked with a smile.

"That is just the strange story: but I could not take upon myself to say, for I know nothing except the common talk, which is nonsense, no doubt. You will never have been in the north before?" said Mrs. Forrester, thinking it judicious to change the subject.

"Never before," Mrs. Methven replied, perceiving equally on her side that the secrets of the family were not to be gleaned from a stranger; and she added, "My son himself has not yet seen his other houses, though this is the second time he has come here."

"It is to be hoped," said the other, "that now he will think less of that weary London, which I hear is just an endless traffic of parties and pleasure, and settle down to be a Scots lord. We must make excuses for a young man that naturally likes to be among his own kind, and finds more pleasure in an endless on-going than ladies always understand. Though I will not say but I like society very well myself, and would be proud to see my friends about me, if it were not for the quiet way that Oona and I are living upon a little bit isle, which makes it always needful to consider the weather, and if there is a moon, and all that; and besides that, I have no gentleman in the house."

"I never had a daughter," said Mrs. Methven; "there can be no companion so sweet."

"You mean Oona? Her and me," said Mrs. Forrester, with Scotch grammar and a smile, "we are but one; and you do not expect me to praise myself? When I say we have no gentleman in the house, it is because we cannot be of the use we would wish to our friends. To offer a cup of tea is just all I have in my power, and that is nothing to ask a gentleman to; but for all that it is wonderful how constantly we are seeing our neighbours, especially in the summer time, when the days are long. But bless me, what is that?" Mrs. Forrester cried. The end of her words was lost in a tumult and horror of sound such as Loch Houran had never heard before.

Walter was half distracted with wonder and alarm. He had looked in every corner where it was possible she could have taken refuge. He sprang now upon the very edge of the battlement, where there was precarious footing though the platform within had crumbled away, and stood out there between earth and sky, eagerly scanning the higher points of the ruin. Could she have ventured there, up upon those airy heights, where, so far as he knew, no one had climbed before for ages? Every kind of horrible fear overtook him as he stood and searched everywhere with his eyes. She might have fallen through some of the crevices into the honeycomb of ruin, half filled up, yet affording pits and chasms innumerable. She might, which was more terrible still, have been met by the master of those gloomy ruins and been driven to madness and disaster by the meeting. He stood up, poised between earth and sky, the loch sheer below lapping against the foundations of the castle, the tower rising grey and inaccessible above. Already from the village his figure was seen in mid air, rousing an idle little group round

the inn door to amazement and dismay. While he stood thus, it seemed to him that sounds suddenly broke forth from above—a voice bursting out, high, indignant, in words indistinguishable to him: and the voice was not recognisable. It was a human voice, and quivered with passion and vehemence, but that was all. The horrible question crossed his mind, was Oona there at the mercy of his enemy? when suddenly, without an interval, the sound changed into Oona's own voice, and into words of which he could distinguish one only and that was pardon. And before he had time to draw breath there suddenly flashed upon Walter's eyes a vision—was it madness coming upon him? for it could not be true. A vision—Oona, her dress and her hair streaming behind her, in the impulse of flight, passing like the wind within the ruinous balustrade, her light figure flashing across the dark openings, her foot scarcely touching the stones over which she flew. With a loud cry he threw out his arms to her, knowing it to be a vision, yet true. Behind her flying figure there flashed out, as if in pursuit, a great sudden blaze, the red mad gleam of fire in the sunshine, fire that flamed up to the sky and rolled along the masonry in a liquid wave of flame. He flung himself towards her he did not know how, and clutched at her wildly as she came flying over the ridges of ruin. Then sense and hearing and consciousness itself were lost in a roar as of all the elements let loose, a great dizzy upheaving as of an earthquake. The whole world darkened around him; there was a sudden rush of air and whirl of giddy sensation, and nothing more.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE explosion startled the whole country for miles around.

The old castle was at all times the centre of the landscape, standing sombre in its ruin amid all the smil-

ing existence of to-day. It flashed in a moment into an importance more wonderful, blazing up to the sky in fire and flame and clouds of smoke like a great battle. The whole neighbourhood, as far as sight could carry, saw this new wonder, and sprang into sudden excitement, alarm, and terror. Every soul rushed out of the village on the bank; servants appeared half frantic in front of Auchnasheen, pushing out in skiffs and fishing-cobbles upon the water which seemed to share the sudden passion of alarm, and became but one great reflection, red and terrible, of the flames which seemed to burst in a moment from every point. Some yachtsmen, whose little vessel had been lying at anchor, and who had been watching with great curiosity the moving figure on the height of the gallery round the tower, and afterwards the second adventurer on the battlement, with much laughing discussion among themselves as to the ghost and its movements, were suddenly brought to seriousness in a moment as the yacht bounded under their feet with the concussion of the air, and the idle sail flapping from the mast grew blood-red in the sudden glare. It was the work of another moment to leap into their boat and speed as fast as the oars could plough through the water, to the rescue, if rescue were needed. Who could be there? they asked each other. Only old Macalister with his wife, who, safe in the lower story, would have full time to escape. But then, what was that white figure on the tower? The young men almost laughed again as they said to each other, "The warlock lord!" "Let's hope he's blown himself up and made an end of all that nonsense," said the sceptic of the party. But just then the stalwart boat-load came across a wild skiff dashing through the water, old Symington like a ghost in the stern, and red-haired Duncan, with bare arms and throat, rowing as for life and death.

"My lord is there!" cried the old

man with quivering lips. "The leddies are there!"

"And Hamish and Miss Oona!" fell stammering from Duncan, half dumb with horror.

The young yachtsmen never said a word, but looked at each other and flew along over the blood-red water. Oona! It was natural they should think of her first in her sweetness and youth.

The two mothers in their tranquil talk sat still for a moment and looked at each other with pale awe on their faces, when that wild tumult enveloped them, paralysing every other sense. They thought they were lost, and instinctively looked in each other's faces, and put out their hands to each other. They were alone—even the old servant had left them—and there they sat breathless, expecting death. For a moment the floor and walls so quivered about them that nothing else seemed possible; but no catastrophe followed, and their faculties returned. They rose with one impulse and made their way together to the door, then, the awe of death passing, life rising in them, flew down the staircase with the lightness of youth, and out to the air, which already was full of the red flicker of the rising flames. But once there, a worse thing befell these two poor women. They had been still in the face of death, but now, with life saved, came a sense of something more terrible than death. They cried out in one voice the names of their children. "My boy!" "Oona!" Old Macalister, speechless, dragging his old wife after him, came out and joined them, the two old people looking like owls suddenly scared by the outburst of lurid light.

"Oh, what will be happening?" said the old woman, her dazed astonishment contrasting strangely with the excitement and terror of the others.

Mrs. Forrester answered her in wild and feverish volubility.

"Nothing will have happened," she said. "Oona, my darling! What

would happen? She knows her way: she would not go a step too far. Oh, Oona, where are you? why will you not answer me? They will just be bewildered like ourselves, and she will be in a sore fright; but that will be for me. Oona! Oona! She will be frightened—but only for me. Oona! Oh, Hamish, man, can ye not find your young lady? The fire—I am not afraid of the fire. She will just be wild with terror—for me. Oona! Oona! Oona!" cried the poor lady, her voice ending in a shriek.

Mrs. Methven stood by her side, but did not speak. Her pale face was raised to the flaming tower, which threw an illumination of red light over everything. She did not know that it was supposed to be inaccessible. For anything she knew, her boy might be there, perishing within her sight; and she could do nothing. The anguish of the helpless and hopeless gave her a sort of terrible calm. She looked at the flames as she might have looked at executioners who were putting her son to death. She had no hope.

Into the midst of this distracted group came a sudden rush of men from the boats, which were arriving every minute, the young yachtsmen at their head. Mrs. Forrester flung herself upon these young men, catching hold of them as they came up.

"My Oona's among the ruins," she said breathlessly. "Oh, no fear but you'll find her. Find her! find her! for I'm going out of my senses, I think. I know that she's safe, oh, quite safe! but I'm silly, silly, and my nerves are all wrong. Oh, Harry, for the love of God, and Patrick, Patrick, my fine lad! And not a brother to look after my bairn!"

"We are all her brothers," cried the youths, struggling past the poor lady, who clung to them and hindered their progress, her voice coming shrill through the roar of the flames and the bustle and commotion below. Amid this tumult her piercing "Oona! Oona!" came in from time to time, sharp with the derision of tragedy

for anything so ineffectual and vain. Before many minutes had passed the open space in front of the house which stood intact and as yet unthreatened, was crowded with men, none of them, however, knowing what to do, nor, indeed, what had happened. The information that Lord Erradeen and Oona were missing was handed about among them, repeated with shakings of the head to every new-comer. Mrs. Methven standing in the midst, whom nobody knew, received all the comments like so many stabs into her heart. "Was it them that were seen on the walls just before? Then nothing could have saved them." "The wall's all breached to the loch: no cannon could have done it cleaner. It's there you'll find them." "Find them! Oh, hon! oh, hon! The bodies of them. Let's hope their souls are in a better place." The unfortunate mother heard what everybody said. She stood among strangers, with nobody who had any compassion upon her, receiving over and over again the assurance of his fate.

The first difficulty here, as in every other case of the kind, was that no one knew what to do; there were hurried consultations, advices called out on every hand, suggestions—many of them impossible—but no authoritative guide to say what was to be done. Mrs. Methven, turning her miserable looks from one to another, saw standing by her side a man of commanding appearance, who seemed to take no share in either advice or action, but stood calmly looking on. He was so different from the rest, that she appealed to him instinctively.

"Oh, sir!" she cried, "you must know what is best to be done—tell them."

He started a little when she spoke; his face, when he turned it towards her, was full of strange expression. There was sadness in it, and mortification, and wounded pride. She said after that he was like a man disappointed, defeated, full of dejection and indignation. He gave her a look of

keen wonder, and then said with a sort of smile—

"Ah, that is true!" Then in a moment his voice was heard over the crowd. "The thing to be done," he said, in a voice which was not loud, but which immediately silenced all the discussions and agitations round, "is to clear away the ruins. The fire will not burn downward—it has no food that way—it will exhaust itself. The young lady fell with the wall. If she is to be found, she will be found there."

The men around all crowded about the spot from which the voice came.

"Wha's that that's speaking?"

"I see nobody."

"What were you saying, sir?"

"Whoever it is it is good advice," cried young Patrick from the yacht. "Harry, keep you the hose going on the house. I'll take the other work; and thank you for the advice, whoever you are."

Mrs. Forrester too had heard this voice, and the command and calm in it gave to her troubled soul a new hope. She pushed her way through the crowd to the spot from whence it came.

"Oh," she cried, "did you see my Oona fall? Did you see my Oona? No, no, it would not be her that fell. You are just deceived. Where is my Oona? Oh, sir, tell them where she is that they may find her, and we'll pray for you on our bended knees, night and morning, every day."

She threw herself on her knees, as she spoke, on the grass, putting up her quivering, feverish hands. The other mother, with a horror which she felt even in the midst of her misery, saw the man to whom this heart-rending prayer was addressed, without casting even a glance at the suppliant at his feet, or with any appearance of interest in the proceedings he had advised, turn quietly on his heel and walk away. He walked slowly across the open space and disappeared upon the edge of the water with one glance upward to the blazing tower, taking no more note of the anxious crowd

collected there than if they had not existed. Nor did any one notice this strange spectator going away at the height of the catastrophe, when everybody far and near was roused to help. The men running hurriedly to work did not seem to see him. The two old servants of the house, Symington and Macalister, stood crowding together out of reach of the stream of water which was being directed upon the house. But Mrs. Methven took no note of them. The only thing that touched her with a strange surprise in the midst of her anguish was to see that while her Walter's fate still hung in the balance, there was one who could calmly go away.

By this time the sun had set; the evening, so strangely different from any other that ever had fallen on the loch, was beginning to darken on the hills, bringing out with wilder brilliancy the flaming of the great fire, which turned the tower of Kinloch Houran into a lantern, and blazed upwards in a great pennon of crimson and orange against the blue of the skies. For miles down the loch the whole population was out upon the roads gazing at this wonderful sight; the hill sides were crimsoned by the reflection, as if the heather had bloomed again; the water glowed red under the cool calm of the evening sky. Round about Birkenbraes was a little crowd, the visitors and servants occupying every spot from which this portent could be seen, and Mr. Williamson himself, with his daughter, standing at the gate to glean what information might be attainable from the passers-by. Katie, full of agitation, unable to undergo the common babble inside, had walked on, scarcely knowing what she did, in her indoor dress, shivering with cold and excitement. They had all said to each other that there could be no danger to life in that uninhabited place.

"Toots, no danger at all!" Mr. Williamson had said, with great satisfaction in the spectacle. "Old Macalister

and his wife are just like rats in their hole, the fire will never come near them; and the ruin will be none the worse—it will just be more a ruin than ever.”

There was something in Katie's mind which revolted against this easy treatment of so extraordinary a catastrophe. It seemed to her connected, she could not tell how, with the scene which had passed in her own room so short a time before. But for shame she would have walked on to Auchnasheen to make sure that Walter was in no danger. But what would he think of her—what would everybody think? Katie went on, however, abstracted from herself, her eyes upon the blaze in the distance, her heart full of disturbed thoughts. All at once she heard the firm quick step of some one advancing to meet her. She looked up eagerly; it might be Walter himself—it might be— When she saw who it was, she came to a sudden pause. Her limbs refused to carry her, her very breath seemed to stop. She looked up at him and trembled. The question that formed on her lips could not get utterance. He was perfectly calm and courteous, with a smile that bewildered her and filled her with terror.

“Is there any one in danger?” he said, answering as if she had spoken. “I think not. There is no one in danger now. It is a fine spectacle. We are at liberty to enjoy it without any drawback—now.”

“Oh, sir,” said Katie, her very lips quivering, “you speak strangely. Are you sure that there was no one there?”

“I am sure of nothing,” he said, with a strange smile.

And then Mr. Williamson, delighted to see a stranger, drew near.

“You need not be so keen with your explanations, Katie. Of course it is the gentleman we met at Kinloch Houran. Alas! poor Kinloch Houran, we will never meet there again. You will just stay to dinner now that we have got you? Come, Katie, where

are your manners? You say nothing. Indeed we will consider it a great honour—just ourselves and a few people that are staying in the house; and as for dress, what does that matter? It is a thing that happens every day. Neighbours in the country will look in without preparation; and for my part, I say always, the more the merrier,” said the open-hearted millionaire.

The stranger's face lighted up with a gleam of scornful amusement.

“The kindness is great,” he said, “but I am on my way to the other end of the loch.”

“You are never walking?” cried Mr. Williamson. “Lord bless us! that was a thing that used to be done in my young days, but nobody thinks of now. Your servant will have gone on with your baggage? and you would have a delicacy—I can easily understand—in asking for a carriage in the excitement of the moment; but ye shall not walk past my house where there are conveyances of all kinds that it is just a charity to use. Now, I'll take no denial; there's the boat. In ten minutes they'll get up steam. I had ordered it, ready to send up to Auchnasheen for news. But as a friend would never be leaving if the family was in trouble, it is little use to do that now. I will just make a sign to the boat, and they'll have ye down in no time; it will be the greatest pleasure, if you are sure you will not stay to your dinner in the meantime, which is what I would like best.”

He stood looking down upon them both from his great height; his look had been sad and grave when he had met Katie, a look full of expression which she could not fathom. There came now a gleam of amusement over his countenance. He laughed out.

“That would be admirable,” he said, offering no thanks, “I will take your boat,” like a prince according, rather than receiving, a favour.

Mr. Williamson looked at his daughter with a confused air of astonish-

ment and perplexity, but he sent a messenger off in a boat to warn the steamer, which lay with its lights glimmering white in the midst of the red reflections on the loch. The father and daughter stood there silenced, and with a strange sensation of alarm, beside this stranger. They exchanged another frightened look.

"You'll be going a long journey," Mr. Williamson said, faltering, scarcely knowing what he said.

"In any case," said the stranger, "I am leaving this place."

He seemed to put aside their curiosity as something trifling, unworthy to be answered, and with a wave of his hand to them, took the path towards the beach.

They turned and looked after him, drawing close to each other for mutual comfort. It was twilight, when everything is confusing and uncertain. They lost sight of him, then saw him again, like a tall pillar on the edge of the water. There was a confusion of boats coming and going, in which they could not trace whither he went or how.

Katie and her father stood watching, taking no account of the progress of time, or of the cold wind of the night which came in gusts from the hills. They both drew a long sigh of relief when the steamer was put in motion, and went off down the loch with its lights like glow-worms on the yards and the masts. Nor did they say a word to each other as they turned and went home. When inquiries were made afterwards, nothing but the most confused account could be given of the embarkation. The boatmen had seen the stranger, but none among them would say that he had conveyed him to the steamer; and on the steamer the men were equally confused, answering at random, with strange glances at each other. Had they carried that passenger down to the foot of the loch? Not even Katie's keen questioning could elicit a clear reply.

But when the boat had steamed

away, carrying into the silence the rustle of its machinery and the twinkling of its lights, there was another great explosion from the tower of Kinloch Houran, a loud report which seemed to roar away into the hollows of the mountains, and came back in a thousand rolling echoes. A great column of flame shot up into the sky, the stones fell like a cannonade, and then all was darkness and silence. The loch fell into sudden gloom; the men who were labouring at the ruins stopped short, and groped about to find each other through the dust and smoke which hung over them like a cloud. The bravest stood still, as if paralysed, and for a moment, through all this strange scene of desolation and terror, there was but one sound audible, the sound of a voice which cried "Oona! Oona!" now shrill, now hoarse with exhaustion and misery, "Oona! Oona!" to earth and heaven.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

WHEN the curious and the inefficient dropped away, as they did by degrees as night fell, there were left the three youths from the yacht, Hamish, Duncan, and two or three men from the village, enough to do a greater work than that which lay before them: but the darkness and the consternation, and even their very eagerness and anxiety confused their proceedings. Such lamps as they could get from Macalister were fastened up among the heaps of ruins, and made a series of wild Rembrandt-like pictures in the gloom, but afforded little guidance to their work. The masses of masonry which they laboured to clear away seemed to increase rather than diminish under their picks and spades—new angles of the wall giving way when they seemed to have come nearly to the foundation. And now and then from above a mass of stones penetrated through and through by the fire, and kept in their place only by

mere balance, would topple down without warning, dangerously near their heads, risking the very lives of the workers; upon whom discouragement gained as the night wore on, and no result was obtained. After a while, with a mournful unanimity they stopped work and consulted in whispers what was to be done. Not a sound had replied to their cries. They had stopped a hundred times to listen, one more imaginative than the rest, thinking he heard an answering cry; but no such response had ever come, how was it possible, from under the choking, suffocating mass, which rolled down upon them as they worked, almost stopping their breath? They gave up altogether in the middle of the night in dejection and hopelessness. The moon had risen and shone all round them, appearing through the great chasms in the wall, making a glory upon the loch, but lending no help here, the shadow of the lower part of the house lying black over the new-made ruin. What was the use? No mortal could have fallen below those powdery heaps and yet live. They stood disconsolately consulting on the possibilities. If Walter and Oona were under those heaps of ruin, it was impossible that they could be alive, and the men asked each other, shaking their heads, what chance there was of any of those fortunate accidents which sometimes save the victims of such a calamity. The wall had been already worn by time, there were no beams, no archways which could have sheltered them—everything had come down in one mass of ruin. After many and troubled discussions they prepared reluctantly to abandon the hopeless work. "Perhaps, in the morning"—it was all that any one could say. The young yachtsmen made a last effort, calling out Walter's name. "If you can speak, for God's sake speak; any sign and we'll have you out. Erradeen! Erradeen!" they cried. But the silence was as that of the grave. A fall of powdery fragments now and then from

the heap, sometimes a great stone solemnly bounding downwards from point to point, the light blown about by the night air lighting up the dark group, and the solitary figure of Hamish, apart from them, who was working with a sort of rage, never pausing, pulling away the stones with his hands. This was all; not a moan, not a cry, not a sound of existence under those shapeless piles of ruin. The only thing that broke the silence, and which came now with a heart-rending monotony, because almost mechanical, was the cry of "Oona! Oona!" which Oona's mother scarcely conscious, sent out into the night.

The men stole softly round the corner of the house which remained untouched, to get to their boats, stealing away like culprits, though there was no want of goodwill in them. But they were not prepared for the scene that met them there. The little platform before the door, and the landing place, were bright almost as day with the shining of the moon, the water one sheet of silver, upon which the boats lay black; the grassy space below all white and clear. In the midst of this space, seated on a stone, was Mrs. Methven. She had scarcely stirred all night. Her companion in sorrow had been taken into the shelter of the house, but she, unknown and half forgotten, and strong with all the vigour of misery, had remained there, avoiding speech of any one. With all her senses absorbed in listening, not a stroke had escaped her, scarcely a word—for a long time she had stood and walked about, not asking a question, observing, seeing, hearing all that was done. But as the awful hours went on, she had dropped down upon this rough seat, little elevated above the ground, where her figure now struck the troubled gaze of the young men, as if it had been that of a sentinel watching to see that they did not abandon their work. No such thought was in her mind. She was conscious of every movement they had made. For a moment she had

thought that this call upon her son meant that they had found some trace of him—but that was a mere instantaneous thrill, which her understanding was too clear to continue to entertain. She had said to herself from the beginning that there was no hope; she had said from the first what the men had said to each other reluctantly after hours of exertion. What was the good? since nothing could be done. Yet all the while as she said this, she was nursing within her bosom, concealing it even from her own consciousness, covering up the smouldering dying fire in her heart, a hope that would not altogether die. She would not even go towards the workers when they called out her son's name to know what it was; but only waited, waited with a desperate, secret, half-heathen thought, that perhaps if she did not cry and importune, but was silent, letting God do what He would, He might yet relent and bring her back her boy. Oh be patient! put on at least the guise of patience! and perhaps He would be touched by the silence of her misery—He who had not heard her prayers. She sat going over a hundred things in her heart. That Walter should have come back to her, called her to him, opened his heart to her, as a preparation for being thus snatched from her for ever! She said to herself that by and by she would thank God for this great mercy, and that she had thus found her son again if only for two days; but in the meantime her heart bled all the more for the thought, and bereavement became more impossible, more intolerable, even from that, which afterwards would make it almost sweet. As she kept that terrible vigil and heard the sound of the implements with which—oh, what was it?—not him, his body, the mangled remains of him—were being sought, she seemed to see him, standing before her, leaning upon her, the strong on the weak, pouring his troubles into her bosom—as he had not done since he was a child; and now he was lying crushed beneath

those stones. Oh no, no. Oh no, no—it was not possible. God was not like that, holding the cup of blessing to a woman's lips and then snatching it away. And then with an effort she would say to herself what she had said from the first, what she had never wavered in saying, that there was no hope. How could there be any hope? crushed beneath tons of falling stones—oh, crushed out of recognition, out of humanity! her imagination spared her nothing. When they found him they would tell her it was better, better, she the mother that bore him, that she should not see him again. And all the while the moon shining and God looking on. She was callous to the cry that came continually, mechanically, now stronger, now fainter from the rooms above. "Oona, Oona!" Sometimes it made her impatient. Why should the woman cry, as if her voice could reach her child under those masses of ruin? And *she* could not cry who had lost her all; her only one! Why should the other have that relief and she none—nor any hope? But all the sounds about her caught her ear with a feverish distinctness. When she heard the steps approaching after the pause of which she had divined the meaning, they seemed to go over her heart, treading it down into the dust. She raised her head and looked at them as they came up, most of the band stealing behind to escape her eye. "I heard you," she said, "call—my son."

"It was only to try; it was to make an effort; it was a last chance."

"A last——" though she was so composed there was a catch in her breath as she said this word; but she added, with the quiet of despair, "You are going away?"

The young man who was the spokesman stood before her like a culprit with his cap in his hand.

"My brothers and I," he said, "would gladly stay if it was any use; but there is no light to work by, and I fear—I fear—that by this time——"

"There is no more hope!" she said.

"I have no hope. I never had any hope."

The young man turned away with a despairing gesture, and then returned to her humbly, as if she had been a queen.

"We are all grieved—more grieved than words can say; and gladly would we stay if we could be of any use. But what can we do? for we are all convinced——"

"No me," cried Hamish, coming forward into the moonlight. "No me!" his bleeding hands left marks on his forehead as he wiped the heavy moisture from it; his eyes shone wildly beneath his shaggy brows. "I was against it," he cried, "from the first! I said what would they be doing here? But convinced, that I never will be, no till I find—Mem, if ye tell them they'll bide. Tell them to bide. As sure as God is in heaven that was all her thought, we will find her yet."

The other men had slunk away, and were softly getting into their boats. The three young yachtsmen alone waited, a group of dark figures about her. She looked up at them standing together in the moonlight, her face hollowed out as if by the work of years.

"He is my only one," she said, "my only one. And you—you—you are all the sons of one mother."

Her voice had a shrill anguish in it, insupportable to hear; and when she paused there came shrilly into the air, with a renewed passion, "Oona! Oona!" the cry that had not ceased for hours. The young man who was called Patrick flung his clenched hand into the air; he gave a cry of pity and pain unendurable.

"Go and lie you down an hour or two," he said to the others, "and come back with the dawn. Don't say a word. I'll stay; it's more than a man can bear."

When the others were gone, this young fellow implored the poor lady to go in, to lie down a little, to try and take some rest. What good

could she do, he faltered, and she might want all her strength for to-morrow—using all those familiar pleas with which the miserable are mocked. Something like a smile came over her wan face.

"You are very kind," she said, "oh, very kind!" but no more. But when he returned and pressed the same arguments upon her, she turned away almost with impatience. "I will watch with my son to-night," she said, putting him away with her hand. And thus the night passed.

Mrs. Forrester had been taken only half-conscious into Walter's room early in the evening. Her cry had become mechanical, not to be stopped; but she, it was hoped, was but half aware of what was passing, the unwonted and incredible anguish having exhausted her simple being, unfamiliar with suffering. Mr. Cameron, the minister from the village, had come over on the first news, and Mysie from the isle to take care of her mistress. Together they kept watch over the poor mother, who lay sometimes with her eyes half closed in a sort of stupor, sometimes springing up wildly, to go to Oona who was ill, and wanting her, she cried, distraught. "Oona! Oona!" she continued to cry through this all. Mysie had removed her bonnet, and her light faded hair was all dishevelled, without the decent covering of the habitual cap, her pretty colour gone. Sorrow seems to lie harder on such a gentle soul. It is cruel; there is nothing in it that is akin to the mild level of a being so easy and common. It was torture that prostrated the soul—not the passion of love and anguish which gave to the other mother the power of absolute self-control, and strength which could endure all things. Mr. Cameron himself, struck to the heart, for Oona was as dear to him as a child of his own, gave up his longing to be out among the workers in order to soothe and subdue her; and though she scarcely understood what he was saying, his presence did soothe her.

It was natural that the minister should be there, holding her up in this fiery passage, though she could not tell how. And thus the night went on. The moonlight faded outside; the candles paled and took a sickly hue within as the blue dawn came stealing over the world. At that chilliest, most awful moment of all the circle of time, Mrs. Forrester had sunk into half-unconsciousness. She was not asleep, but exhaustion had almost done the part of sleep, and she lay on the sofa in a stupor, not moving, and for the first time intermitting that terrible cry. The minister stole down stairs in that moment of repose. He was himself an old man and shaken beyond measure by the incidents of the night. His heart was bleeding for the child of his spirit, the young creature to whom he had been tutor, counsellor, almost father from her childhood. He went out with his heart full, feeling the vigil insupportable in the miserable room above, yet almost less supportable when he came out to the company of the grey hills growing visible, a stern circle of spectators round about, and realised with a still deeper pang, the terrible, unmitigated fact of the catastrophe. It was with horror that he saw the other mother sitting patient upon the stone outside. He did not know her, and had forgotten that such a person existed as Lord Erradeen's mother. Had she been there all night? "God help us," he said to himself; "how selfish we are, even to the sharers of our calamity." She looked up at him as he passed, but said nothing. And what could he say to her? For the first time he behaved himself like a coward, and fled from his duty; for what could he say to comfort her? and why insult her misery with vain attempts? Young Patrick had pressed shelter and rest upon her, being young and knowing no better. But the minister could not tell Walter's mother to lie down and rest; to think of her own life. What was her life to her? He passed her by with the

acute and aching sympathy which bears a share of the suffering it cannot relieve. For his own suffering was sore. Oona, Oona, he cried to himself silently in his heart as her mother had done aloud—his child, his nursing, the flower of his flock. Mysie had told him in the intervals, when her mistress was quiet, in whispers and with tears, of all that had happened lately, and of Oona's face that was like the Sabbath of the Sacrament, so grave yet so smiling as she left the isle. This went to the old minister's heart. He passed the ruin where Hamish was still plucking uselessly, half-stupefied, at the stones, and Patrick, with his back against the unbroken wall, had fallen asleep in utter weariness. Mr. Cameron did not linger there, but sought a place out of sight of man, where he could weep, for he was old, and his heart was too full to do without some natural relief.

He went through a ruined doorway to a place where all was still green and intact, as it had been before the explosion; the walls standing, but trees grown in the deep soil which covered the old stone floor. He leaned his white head against the roughness of the wall, and shed the tears that made his old eyes heavy, and relieved his old heart with prayer. He had prayed much all the night through, but with distracted thoughts, and eyes bent upon the broken-hearted creature by whose side he watched. But now he was alone with the great and closest Friend, He to whom all things can be said, and who understands all. "Give us strength to resign her to Thee," he said, pressing his old cheek against the damp and cold freshness of the stones, which were wet with other dews than those of nature, with the few concentrated tears of age, that mortal dew of suffering. The prayer and the tears relieved his soul. He lifted his head from the wall, and turned to go back again—if, perhaps, now fresh from his Master's presence

he might find a word to say to the other woman who all night long, like Rizpah, had sat silent and watched her son.

But as he turned to go away it seemed to the minister that he heard a faint sound. He supposed nothing but that some of the men who had been working had gone to sleep in a room, and were waking and stirring to the daylight. He looked round, but saw no one. Perhaps even then there came across the old man's mind some recollection of the tales of mystery connected with this house; but in the presence of death and sorrow, he put these lesser wonders aside. Nevertheless, there was a sound, faint, but yet a human movement. The old stone floor was deep under layers of soil upon which every kind of herbage

and several trees grew; but in the corner of the wall against which he had been leaning, the gathered soil had been hollowed away by the droppings from above, and a few inches of the original floor was exposed. The old man's heart began to beat with a bewildering possibility. But he dared not allow himself to think of it: he said to himself that it must be a bird, a beast, something imprisoned in some crevice. He listened. God! was that a moan? He turned and rushed with the step of a boy, to where Patrick sat dozing, and Hamish, stupefied, worked on mechanically. He clutched the one out of his sleep, the other from his trance of exhaustion—"Come here! come here! and listen. What is this?" the old minister said.

(To be continued.)

A SERBIAN POET.

On the 22nd July last there took place in the Austrian empire a noteworthy event, which was known to hardly anybody in England, but which stirred the hearts of those rising nations of South-Eastern Europe, who are vaguely known to us by the generic name of the Southern Slavs. On that day the ashes of Branko Radicevich, a poet, whose name is still a household word amongst the Serbian people, were solemnly removed from Vienna, thirty years after his decease, and reinterred in his native land amidst enthusiastic manifestations, by the Slavonic patriots who assembled at Karlovtsi to pay this tribute to his memory, of their veneration and lasting gratitude for the work which he had done.

Beyond a brief paragraph which was published in a weekly literary journal, no account of this national Serbian celebration of Radicevich's memory appears to have found its way into any English paper. Now, however, that the public have been made aware, by the Croatian risings which began in August last, and have since recurred at intervals, that a chronic insurrectionary movement, which may eventually come to be of European importance, exists in one, if not more, of the Austrian provinces peopled by the Serbo-Croatian nationality, in whose poetic literature the name of Radicevich stands pre-eminent, a suitable opportunity seems to present itself for offering for consideration some particulars respecting both the life of the great Serbian poet and the nationality with whose progress his work is inseparably connected.

The accounts of the rising in Croatia, which have appeared in the newspapers, have been such as to convey to people in England a very indistinct idea of what has been really going forward there. Telegraphic and other reports from Vienna and Pesh, and from

"own correspondents" of English journals, have transmitted the most bewildering statements, according to which a great part of "Hungary" has appeared to be overrun by bands of turbulent peasants and other "rioters," who have been represented as occupying themselves in simultaneously pulling down or defacing the royal Hungarian insignia, attacking and pillaging the Jews and the landlords indiscriminately, marching about the country "singing the songs of 1848 and proclaiming Communistic sentiments," and putting into practice their alleged Communistic or Socialistic principles by appropriating whatever they could lay their hands on. A distinguished French writer, M. Victor Tissot, has well given to his book of travels in the Magyar country the appropriate title of "*Unknown Hungary*." For Hungary and the adjoining Slavonic countries are so little known to us, that, notwithstanding the great political changes which have taken place in Eastern Europe since the time of the historian Gibbon, his words respecting Albania—"a country within sight of Italy, and yet less known than the interior of America," are hardly less applicable now than when he wrote, not only to the lands bordering on the eastern shores of the Adriatic, but to those further north, on the Danube. It is therefore all the more necessary that it should be explained that the disturbances in the kingdom of Hungary and its dependencies have arisen from two separate movements, which are entirely distinct from each other, although it may suit the convenience of certain interested politicians in the Austrian empire, and of some of the correspondents of English newspapers, to purposely confuse one movement with the other.

The two movements then, are, first, the anti-Semitic agitation of the

Magyars, the principal non-Slavonic nationality in the kingdom of Hungary, against the Jews; second, the political and nationalist insurrection on the part of the Serbo-Croatian nationality in Croatia against the Magyars, who are the ruling race in the eastern or Hungarian half of the Austrian empire, which includes, besides the purely Magyar region, Croatia and other Slav provinces. The first of these movements is a social rather than a political difficulty, arising from the antipathy which is felt by the Magyars towards the Jews, and which is a development of the mania known as the *Juden-hetze*, or *Jew-baiting*, which has already disgraced civilisation in Germany, Russia, and other countries; and the outrages in which it has found vent in Hungary appear to be mostly confined to the central portion of the kingdom, which is almost exclusively peopled by the Magyars. The Croatian insurrection, which broke out in August last, on the other hand, was not directed, like the other agitation, against some scattered members of a race of friendless aliens like the Jews, universally despised and hated for their extortionate usurious practices. It was a political rising of a part of a subject Slav nationality against their foreign Magyar masters, who grind them down with heavy taxation, and seek to denationalise them by forcing the use of the Magyar language upon their country to the exclusion of the Serbo-Croatian, the native tongue of the population of Croatia and other Slav provinces in the south of Austria-Hungary.

The journalistic expression above quoted, "singing the songs of 1848," coupled with the words "and proclaiming Communistic sentiments," doubtless had reference to the political events which took place in Austria in that eventful year, but which had nothing whatever to do with Communism or Socialism, any more than had the recent risings. This is an instance of the manner in which ignorance and prejudice are apt to misrepresent facts

by the use of terms which are irrelevant and misleading. It is a matter of history that when, in 1848, the Hungarian insurrection (*i.e.* of the Magyars) broke out against the old traditional Austrian system of government, under which the German element in the empire was supreme and despotised over the Magyars and all the other nationalities subject to the house of Habsburg, the Slavs in the Austrian provinces of Croatia, Slavonia, and the Banat of Temesvár, which had for a long time been dependencies of Hungary, took up arms on behalf of the imperial dynasty against the insurgent Magyars. But after the Magyar insurrection was suppressed, by the intervention of Russia, in 1849, and the German ascendancy over Hungary was restored in the Austrian empire, the Yugo-Slav subjects of the House of Habsburg were repaid for their support, by ingratitude. Croatia, Slavonia, and the Hungarian littoral (*i.e.* Dalmatia, &c.) were formed into a so-called kingdom as part of the empire; but, as M. Louis Léger, the distinguished French historian and authority on Slavonic affairs, writes, in his *Histoire de l'Autriche Hongrie*, p. 536, "they fell from the Magyar yoke under the German ferule" of Austria. This Teutonic supremacy over the various nationalities of the empire continued until 1867, when the Magyars succeeded in establishing their present autonomy, mainly through the efforts of their great compatriot, Francis Déák.

By the celebrated *Ausgleich* or Compromise of that year, the Austrian empire was divided into two parts, viz., Cis-Leithania, under the rule of the German element; and Trans-Leithania, under the ascendancy of the Magyars. Croatia and Slavonia, which were included in the latter half, have since been allowed a special minister to represent them at Pesth. But the Hungarian government has evinced an increasing tendency to Magyarise these Slav provinces. The

Serbs of Hungary have been especially subjected to political persecution; and their patriotic countryman, Dr. Miletich, member of parliament and editor of the Serbian Nationalist journal, the *Zastava* (i.e. *Standard*) of Novi-Sad (German, *Neusatz*), has broken down under the weight of Magyar tyranny. The recent affair of the setting up of the Hungarian insignia upon the government buildings in Croatia, in alleged violation of the constitutional law, and their consequent defacement or destruction by the excited people, is now too well known to the public to be here gone into. It has yet to be seen, however, whether the present insurrectionary movement will subside and prove to have been a merely local outbreak, or whether it will yet develop into a general attempt on the part of the Southern Slavs to shake themselves free of foreign domination, and to realise their dream of a free Yugo-Slav federation.

The poet Branko Radicevich, although a Serb by nationality, was legally a subject of Austria, as he was a native of the province of Slavonia, which, although peopled by Serbs, is still politically separated from its proper fatherland, the present kingdom of Serbia, and is to this day part of what, to adapt an Italian expression, may be called "*Serbia Irredenta*." Radicevich was born on the 27th of March, 1824, at Brod, on the Save. His baptismal name was Alexije (the Serbicised form of the Greek Alexis), in place of which he adopted the synonymous Serbian equivalent "Branko" (either name signifying "a defender"). He was educated from 1830 to 1832 at the Serbian school at Zemun (German, *Semlin*), near the confluence of the Danube and the Save, and during the next three years at the German school there. He was afterwards sent to Karlovtsi (German, *Karlowitz*), on the Danube, near Petrovaradin (German, *Peterwardein*), the historical scene of the assembling of the warriors of the First Crusade by Peter the Hermit. He

completed his studies at the gymnasium at Karlovtsi in 1843, and afterwards attended lectures on philosophy at Temesvar, in the Banat. After residing at Karlovtsi, Vienna, Zemun, and Belgrade, he commenced studying law at the Austrian capital; but in 1850 he relinquished this pursuit for the study of medicine, with which he occupied himself at the university of Vienna, until his death, from consumption, took place, on the 30th of June, 1853, and prevented not only the completion of this course of study, but also the full development of the poetic genius for which his name is now celebrated in the literature of the Serbian nation.

So little is generally known in this country concerning the extensive and copious literatures of the Slavonic nations, with regard to whom the temporary interest excited in England by the political events of 1876-1878 appears to have now almost died away, that to explain the importance of the brief literary career of Radicevich it is necessary to refer first to the work of his great predecessor and master Karajich, as well as to that of the equally eminent philologist Danichich. Vouk Stephanovich Karajich, commonly known amongst his Serbian countrymen as "Vouk," (equivalent to the German *Wolfgang*), according to their familiar custom of using the Christian name in speaking of their great men, was born in 1787. This patriot-poet of a nation which is imbued with the poetic instinct worked in the earlier part of his life in the cause of his country's freedom, as secretary to several Serbian chiefs, in the revolution which took place at the beginning of this century, and which eventually led to the restoration of Serbia to her ancient position as a free European state, after more than four centuries of Turkish thralldom. After 1813, the year of the downfall and flight of the illustrious dictator of Serbia, Kara-George, whose arduous task of establishing the independence of Serbia was subsequently under-

taken by Milosh Obrenovich, the founder of the present royal dynasty, Karajich devoted himself to the work of compiling and publishing collections of the ballads, songs, proverbs, and folk-tales of Serbia, and writing a grammar of the language, into which he translated the New Testament. A portion of his collection of national songs ("Srpske Narodne Pjesme") was translated and made accessible to English readers by Sir John Bowring in a volume entitled *Servian Popular Poetry*, in 1827. Vouk's great achievement was the introduction into the national literature of the use of the popular language, which, in the face of great opposition, he succeeded in making classical, in place of the various and arbitrary methods of writing which had hitherto been used by the learned in Serbia and other Slav countries. Karajich altered the mode of spelling, which had been contrary to the spirit of the language, and he set the example of writing Serbian as actually spoken by the people instead of as invented by the literary men of his time, who would not condescend to write according to the common speech of the country, and styled themselves "Slaviano-Serbski litteratori." Against these he declared war. He reformed the Serbian alphabet and orthography, and eliminated foreign elements from the language, which he simplified and systematised; and he settled its form much in the same manner as Dante fixed the form of the Italian language, and Luther that of the German tongue. Many other Serbian writers supported Karajich in his linguistic reforms, and carried on his work after his death, which occurred in 1864. Among these were Juro Danichich, and Novakovich, two of the most eminent of modern grammarians of Serbia.

Branko Radichevich, whilst at Vienna, became acquainted with Vouk, and also with Danichich, who was at that time himself a student. This acquaintance had an important influence upon the development of Branko's

great poetical talent. It was Karajich and Danichich who created the modern literary language, but it was Radichevich who actually introduced and used it in literature, and who, by employing it as the vehicle of his national poetry, ensured its success. The three may therefore be jointly considered the reformers and creators of modern Serbian literature. Branko left only one volume of poems, but they are said to be the best in the Serbian language, and have been repeatedly published. He is probably the most generally read poet of Serbia. He elevated the national taste by abandoning the pseudo-classical style which had been dominant in Serbian literature, and by taking as his model the popular ballads. His poetry is chiefly lyrical, but there are some short epics among his works, and his greatest wish was to visit Kóssovo-polje, the scene of the fatal battle fought on the 15th June, 1389, which resulted in the subversion of the ancient Serbian kingdom by the Turks. "I will write an epic," he used to say, "but not before seeing Kóssovo; our Serbian epos must be what the Greek is; all our customs, &c., must be interwoven in it." But he died before he could carry out this purpose.

The best of Branko's poems is his *Jachki rastanak* ("the Students' Parting"), which possesses poetical beauties of the highest order, and in which he describes, in a lively and skilful manner, student life and society. Although he did not in his poetry appeal to his countrymen's aspirations for freedom from the Austrian yoke, and for national unity, in the manner in which Arndt aroused the enthusiasm of the German people for the independence of their fatherland, Radichevich chose such subjects as the *Haiduk* or brigand-patriot of the old days of Turkish tyranny; and in the *Students' Parting* he proclaims the idea of the unity of all the Serbs, at a time when no one thought of advocating it in literature. In his private character

Radicevich was friendly, cheerful, and modest. The career of this laborious student and poet, whose productions led his countrymen to form many expectations for his future, was cut short by his untimely death, from consumption, in his twenty-ninth year. He died at Vienna on the 30th June, 1853, and was buried in St. Mark's cemetery. On his monument were inscribed these words from his *Students' Parting*: "Much wished, much begun, the hour of death frustrated all."

Branko Radicevich had expressed a wish to be buried in his native province, Slavonia, at Strazhilovo, near Karlovtsi, where he had spent some of his happiest days; but it was not until thirty years after his death that his ashes were transferred from Vienna to their final resting-place amongst his Serbian countrymen. In 1877 a Mr. Stephen V. Popovich proposed that they should be transferred before the twenty-fifth anniversary of Branko's death, which would recur in the following year. With the co-operation of Mr. Zmaj J. Jovanovich a committee for the purpose was formed at Karlovtsi. But the time was not opportune. The committee, composed chiefly of members of the "Zora," or Students' Society, was at length in a position, this year, to arrange for the removal of the poet's mortal remains; and the event accordingly took place on the 22nd of July, 1883. Deputations from all parts of Serbia, free and still enslaved, assembled and participated in this national, solemn celebration of Radicevich's memory. The fact that such enthusiastic and sympathetic homage was rendered by the Serbian people in general to the memory of Radicevich, who, as before pointed out, was not a subject, nor even a native, of the kingdom of Serbia, but of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, suggests the inquiry, what are the reasons for the profound sympathy existing between the subjects of two such different states?

It must be observed that the three Southern branches of the great Slav race, known by the general term of Yugo-(southern) Slavs, are the Slovenes or Wends, the Serbo-Croats, and the Bulgarians. Of these, the Serbo-Croat or Serbian nationality, to which our poet Branko belonged, and which is one of the most important branches of the Slav family, consists of about eight and a half millions of people, comprising the Serbs and Croats. The language of these two peoples is practically identical. Almost the only difference between them is in their religion and their alphabet; the Serbs to the east being for the most part "Pravoslav," or Orthodox, and using the Cyrillic characters; while the Croats, westwards of them, are mostly Roman Catholics, and use the Latin alphabet.

Of these 8,500,000 of Serbo-Croats about 3,000,000 inhabit the Turkish Empire (*i.e.* in Bosnia and Herzegovina, Stara (old) Serbia, and northern Macedonia); about 3,500,000 dwell within the Austrian Empire; and about 2,000,000 form the populations of the Kingdom of Serbia and the Principality of Montenegro. The districts of Austria inhabited by the Serb nationality are—the province of Slavonia, the Banat of Temesvar, southern Hungary, Croatia, southern Istria, and Dalmatia. (The "occupied" Serb provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina are here considered as still nominally subject to Turkey, as they legally are.)

Under the existing dual system of government established in the Austrian Empire by the *Ausgleich* or Compromise of 1867, by which the monarchy was divided into "Cis-Leithania" and "Trans-Leithania," which are respectively dominated by the Germans and the Magyars, the numerous other nationalities under the sway of the Habsburgs are necessarily subject to the supremacy of one or the other of those two ruling elements, according to whether they inhabit the half of the empire governed by the Germans, from Vienna, or the other half,

governed by the Magyars, from Pesh. The Croats, it is true, have been allowed by Austria a certain measure of autonomy. The fact of their being Roman Catholics may perhaps account partly for greater favour being shown to them than to their Orthodox Serb fellow-subjects in Slavonia and the neighbouring districts in the south of Hungary.

But both the Croats and the Serbs in Austria must feel the contrast between their own subordinate condition and that of their fellow-countrymen in the independent native Serb states on the other side of the Save, namely, Free Serbia and Montenegro. Though an artificial political frontier line separates the Serbs of Austria from their free brethren, it cannot limit the current of national sympathy which exists between them. It is, then, this bond of a common nationality which connected Radichevich with the whole Serbian family, and which, moreover, must sooner or later bring about the political union of all those members of the nation which are under foreign rule, 6,500,000 in number, with the other 2,000,000 of Serbs in the free states, whose capitals are Belgrade and Cetinje. For the present, of course, the realisation of Serbian National Unity is prevented by the debasing dominion of the Ottoman power, and by the denationalising rule of Austria, over "*Serbia irredenta*," as the unification of Italy was hindered in former days.

In Austria-Hungary the subordinate position of the Serb population of Croatia and Slavonia is aggravated by the national antipathy existing between them and the Magyars, the present ruling race in the Trans-Leithanian or Hungarian half of the empire, within which division these provinces fall; but the Croatian insurrection which recently broke out showed how strong is the Nationalist feeling against oppression by the Magyars, who pursue the unfortunate policy of repressing the aspirations of their Slav fellow subjects, just as the

German rulers of the empire formerly despotised over the Magyars until they obtained autonomy in 1867.

The sentiment of Serbian nationality is strong also in Dalmatia and other provinces within the Cis-Leithanian or "German" half of the monarchy. The Crivosian Serbs of the Bocche of Cattaro, in Dalmatia—who in 1869 heroically and successfully resisted the powerful Austrian forces sent against them to forcibly carry out an unjust law of conscription, and who in 1881-2 again withstood, for months, the attempts of the Austrians to force them to render military service—still cherish the desire for political reunion with the kindred state of Montenegro, with which their country was incorporated (but only for a short time), by *British aid*, in 1813. In Bosnia and Herzegovina also—the government of which is administered by Austria, for the Sultan, in a truly Austrian-German fashion peculiarly exasperating to the Slav inhabitants—the latter would not, in the event of a favourable opportunity arising, fail to renew the struggle for national freedom which they made at the time of the "occupation" in 1878, and again on the occasion of the introduction of the conscription into these provinces and Dalmatia in 1881-2. Indeed, rumours have been current during the recent Croatian risings that revolutionary attempts had taken place in Bosnia also; but the facts are of course hushed up or withheld from being made known to Europe, by the Austrian authorities, for obvious reasons.

Other signs are not wanting to indicate that the monopoly of power in the Austrian Empire, enjoyed by the Germans and Magyars, cannot last. The Slovenes or Wends, that South-Slavonic nation, 1,250,000 in number, inhabiting the Austrian provinces of Carniola, Carinthia, southern Styria, and northern Istria, and whose political centre is Ljubljana (in German, *Laibach*), are endeavouring to assert the political rights of their small but ancient nationality.

In the south-east of the empire the Roumanians or Wallachs, in Transylvania and southern Bukovina, aspire to political unification with their brethren in the independent kingdom of Roumania. In the south-west the aspirations of the Italians of the Trentino for the liberation of "Italia Irredenta" are well known. In the north of the monarchy there are four Slav nationalities, namely, the Czechs (in Bohemia and Moravia), the Slovaks (in north Hungary), the Poles (in western Galicia), and the Ruthenians, Russniaks, or Malorussians (in eastern Galicia and in northern Bukovina). Of these, the Czechs, an important and progressive people, are gradually breaking down the supremacy of the German element, and striving to establish the federal autonomy of a Czech kingdom of Bohemia, which would probably be enlarged, by the adhesion of the Slovaks, into a Slav state of about 7,000,000 inhabitants. The Poles, it is unnecessary to say, aspire to freedom in a revived kingdom of Poland. The Ruthenians have a tendency to unite with their Malorussian compatriots in the Ukraine, within the Russian frontier. Moreover, it is not impossible that European events may bring about the absorption of the German provinces into their neighbouring fatherland, the present empire of Germany. The Magyar or Hungarian nationality, as may be inferred from the preceding ethnographical details, is very far from occupying the entire area of the kingdom of Hungary, much less that of the Trans-Leithanian half of the empire, which comprises that kingdom and other districts, and in which the Magyars are the dominant element.

The Magyars are one of the two or three nationalities of the patchwork Austro-Hungarian monarchy which are complete in themselves, and not separated fragments of the nationalities which exist as independent nations outside the Austrian frontiers. They are about 5,700,000 in number.

The Slovenes and the Slovaks are perhaps the only other peoples of the

Austrian empire which are found in their entirety within its borders. But the Slovenes, though a complete and compact Slav nationality, have tendencies towards federation, though perhaps not towards fusion, with the "Great Serbia" of the future, and must look for help to Belgrade, not to Vienna or Pesth: while the truest interests of the Slovaks, in north Hungary, lie in connecting themselves with their kinsmen, the Czechs, whose future ideal kingdom of Bohemia is probably destined to extend itself beyond the present northern frontiers of the Austrian empire, so as to include the 60,000 Czechs in Prussian Silesia.

The Magyar or true Hungarian region is situated in the very heart of the Austro-Hungarian empire, and is surrounded by all the other nationalities under the sway of the Habsburgs. There is no other neighbouring state to which the Magyars can be attracted by the magnetic force of Nationality, for the reasons above indicated. In this respect, then, they differ from all the other peoples of Austria, every one of whom has a natural tendency to break away from the foreign thralldom of Vienna and Pesth, and to unite itself with other members of the same nationality or race.

If, therefore, the German and other non-Magyar elements of the Habsburg monarchy ultimately carry into effect their centrifugal tendencies, the present Austrian Empire will of necessity be dissolved, and new *national states* will occupy its place. The Habsburgs must then identify themselves with the Magyar nationality, as Kings of Hungary, if they are to continue to wield a sceptre. Pesth, therefore, and not Vienna, is their future true centre of gravity. But, even as kings of a loyal Magyar nation, they may find their political existence threatened by the waves of Slavonic progress, which are even now slowly but surely advancing both on the northern and the southern borders of Hungary. The Czechs and other Slavs on the north,

and the southern Slavs, now mistrusted and repressed by Austria, will one day, when they have succeeded in establishing the strong Slavonic States or Confederations which they aspire to form, be powerful neighbours, who might be useful allies, but will be made enemies if the present hostile Austro-Hungarian policy is continued. But the Habsburgs and their Magyar subjects are threatened by a real, though little suspected, danger, in the secret intrigues of another Power, whose aims are inimical to the interests of Magyars and Slavs alike. That Power is the German empire of Prince Bismarck; a military despotism which does not represent nor satisfy the truer and nobler aspirations of the German nation itself, which it cripples and dwarfs. The German *Reich*, though generally regarded as the firmest ally of Austria, is in reality using her as a mask or stalking-horse to conceal the secret prosecution of ulterior designs of German encroachment in the Balkan Peninsula. Austria is in reality being employed as a means of pushing forward the German *Drang nach Osten* in the direction of Constantinople.

It is therefore to the real interests of the Magyars and of their Habsburg rulers, to forget their differences with the Slavs, and instead of repressing the national aspirations of the latter, to conciliate their friendship, and to prepare the way for a defensive alliance between the future and rightful possessors of the Danubian and Balkan lands, that is to say, *the peoples who themselves inhabit them*—Magyars, Roumans, Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, Bulgars, Albanians, and Greeks. If these nationalities could obtain their just rights, the present Roumanian State would be so expanded as to contain all the Roumanians still outside its borders. The Kingdom of Serbia, and the Principality of Montenegro would be enlarged by the annexation of all the Serb provinces yet under foreign yoke; and, with the Bulgarian State, increased by the in-

corporation of the Bulgarians south of the Balkans, would probably join with the Slovenes and Croats in a Yugo-Slavonic Confederation. Greece must sooner or later obtain the northern Hellenic territories to which she is entitled, and thus be extended to her full limits; and the Albanians would probably consent to autonomy in federation with the Hellenic State.

A pacific alliance of these four governments—Magyar, Roumanian, Yugo-Slav, and Greek, in a Balkanic League or Confederation, similar to that of Switzerland, would afford the best means of mutual defence against encroachments southwards on the part of either the German or the Russian empire. In the present state of Central Europe, when the existing Austro-German military alliance is lauded as the best guarantee for European peace, and the clamours of nationalities for their rights are stifled by foreign bayonets, it will probably be considered Utopian to anticipate such a Balkanic Confederation as that above indicated. But such ideas, founded as they are upon a personal knowledge of what are the most cherished aspirations of the sincerest patriots in the countries of South-Eastern Europe, must ultimately be realized.

In the meanwhile the Austrian government will pursue the wisest policy if it accords to the Serbo-Croatian and every other nationality within the empire, autonomous rights, equal to those now monopolised by its Germans and Magyars. By thus conciliating the Slavs and Roumans, and by adopting the principle of Federation throughout the empire, the causes of discontent and of open rupture between its various component parts would be lessened, and the way would be prepared for the gradual and peaceful development of the new political state-systems, which, by the working out of the principle of Nationality, are certain to ultimately supersede the existing Austro-Hungarian Monarchy.

ALFRED L. HARDY.

A LADY'S RAILWAY JOURNEY IN INDIA.

IN these days of rapid travelling, the journeys which, to our elder brothers were serious undertakings, have become to us, their younger sisters, mere pleasure-trips wherewith to beguile the tedium of winter, and escape its rigours. So it befell, that leaving England one bleak November morning, I found myself safely landed in Calcutta ere Christmas morning, and heard the old familiar anthems chanted in a cathedral, where wide open windows and swinging punkahs told of a climate very different from that which we are wont to associate with Christmas-tide. After a pleasant week in that hospitable city, I started with friends on a sight-seeing expedition, determining to see as much as possible of the wonderful old historic cities, till the heat of April should warn us to ascend to cooler regions, in the glorious Himalayan ranges, arriving there in time to see the scarlet rhododendron trees in full blaze of blossom.

Before leaving Calcutta, it is necessary for every one to lay in his own supply of bedding, as no house is supposed to keep more than the stock necessary for its own inmates. So whether you go as a guest to your friend, or as a lodger to an hotel, you will, in nineteen cases out of twenty, find that the sleeping accommodation provided for you, consists only of a *charpoy*, that is, the very simplest form of small bedstead, merely a wooden frame, with coarse tape laced across it. Hence it is necessary to invest at once in blankets, sheets, pillow, and a couple of *roseis* (wadded quilts, one of which will act as your mattress), and if you are wise, you will invest likewise in a strong waterproof case, which will alike secure your bedding from rain, and from the clouds of fine penetrating dust.

Any one coming direct from England would do well to bring all such necessary articles with him, as every species of European goods costs at least double the home price, and in many cases far more. An artist, for instance, finds it very irritating to have to pay three or four shillings for a small cake of paint, and everything else is in the same proportion. The same advice applies to the few medicines which every traveller should carry—such as a good large bottle of quinine in case of fever, sulphuric acid to avert threatening of cholera, chlorodyne, Bunter's nervine in case of toothache, strongest ammonia for poisonous bites, or whatever other specific he may care to have in store against the many ills that flesh is heir to.

Crossing the river by steamboat one early morning, we made our first acquaintance with an Indian railway station, thronged with natives, starting on some pilgrimage—for the facilities of travelling have developed a curiously locomotive tendency in the Hindoo. Their old proverb that "No one is so happy as he who never owed a debt, nor undertook a journey," is quite out of date; and now whole families start from one end of the country to the other, on the smallest pretext, carrying with them their poor stock of worldly goods, tied up in a little bundle, together with their cooking-pots and brazen drinking cups. Their bedding is simply a blanket-cloak of gay colours, though the poorest have literally nothing but a piece of coarse canvas. So amazed are they by the punctuality of the trains, and so greatly in dread of being late, that they generally assemble at the station some hours before the time for starting—often overnight.

Then they just lie down on the pavement, wrapping their cloak or canvas tightly over head and body, so that they look like rows of corpses laid in order. Presently these chrysalides begin to stir, and shake themselves up, revealing a long pair of lean black legs, surmounted by a bundle of raiment, out of which gleam two glittering black eyes. For, so long as their heads and shoulders are warm, they seem to care little for any chill about the lower extremities.

The carriages are ticketed off, for natives, native women, and Europeans. Some of the upper classes still find themselves sorely perplexed how to combine railway travelling with the seclusion of women. I was one day in a carriage set apart for ladies, when a wealthy native brought his wife, and her ayah, both closely veiled, and shut them in. The former was richly dressed and loaded with jewels, and I hoped at last to get a glimpse of a real native lady. The jealous husband stood at the door, till the train was actually in motion, when he stepped in, chuckling on having got safely into a carriage where no other man dare follow. The officials were, however, on the watch, and stopping the train, desired him to get out, as the carriage was for ladies only. In vain he battled and raged, and finally sooner than leave his wife in my dangerous society, he made her and her attendant get out, with all their bundles, and go with him into another carriage.

Night travelling, or journeys so long as to involve two or more nights without a break, are provided for in the arrangement of the carriages, which are not divided like ours, but made so that you can lie full length on the seat. The padded back is the mattress of a similar berth, which straps up to the ceiling, so that each carriage allows good sleeping accommodation for four persons. Then the bundle of bedding comes into play, and the basket of provisions.

The baggage laws of the company

are singular. They only allow each person so much luggage as can go under his own seat, that is, a parcel about eighteen inches square; all else must be paid for and booked, and the loss of your booking ticket involves your being unable to rescue one atom of the luggage that lies temptingly before you. One result of this "no luggage allowed" system is to incline folk not overburdened with wealth to travel second-class, which (at any rate as regards carriages reserved for ladies, most of which are provided with small dressing-rooms) is quite as comfortable, and exactly half the expense.

All the windows have projecting shades to keep off the burning sun, and the carriage has a double roof of white for the same purpose. Some are provided with tanks of cold water, not merely for the comfort of washing (though that is very great), but as a measure of safety in the fearful heat, when the constant application of wet cloths to the head is one of the best safeguards for such as are compelled to travel. Of the risk involved you can in some measure judge from the number of persons who in the summer months are lifted from the train either stupefied or dying. So constantly does this occur, that while we were revelling in the cool, delicious hills, we heard that the railway authorities found it necessary to keep coffins ready at every station, to give immediate burial to such as thus too quickly reached their journey's end.

For the benefit of ladies who may intend to travel in India, I may speak one word of warning in the matter of dress, namely, that the black or dark-coloured silks, which in Europe make such good travelling gear, are a mistake in this world of pale grey dust, which would find its way in at every crevice even if you were to shut the windows, which no one would dream of doing. Once in India, you must make up your mind to be in a chronic condition of dust, and dress accordingly (nothing so serviceable as light grey tweeds), for you cannot brush

against a wall, or sit down, or rise up, without being powdered, and in this stoneless country the whole soil seems to float about at will. So entirely alluvial is the land, that within four hundred miles of the sea no stone the size of a pebble is to be found, save where the Ganges, after its inundations, forsakes its old channel and chooses a new bed, leaving a stony watercourse to mark where it once flowed. Every building therefore is either of mud or of brick, except in such cases as where stone has been brought from afar.

For the first few hours after leaving Calcutta our route lay through rich vegetation and fertile land, made more beautiful by the early lights and the clear golden sunrise, while the fresh morning air was still cool and balmy. Hedges of aloes and tall sirkee grass surround picturesque villages, overshadowed by banyan, palm, tamarind, and neeme trees, or by clumps of waving bamboo. The cottages are half hidden by large-leaved yellow gourds trailing over them, or by the tall glossy plantains clustering round, while groups of odd little brown children, carrying babies as big as themselves, glance up as the rushing train whirls past. Everywhere we see the inevitable Brahminy kite, and varieties of brown kites. Then every mango tope is alive with thousands of chattering green parrots—exquisite creatures, glittering like radiant gems. Bright russet birds sit on the telegraph wires, and blue jays, a thousand times more brilliant than our own, flash in the sunlight with strange metallic lustre. Golden-crested hoopoes also abound; golden orioles and blue kingfishers, black fly-catchers, doves, pigeons, and crows by turns attract our attention. The flat rice or paddy fields are all swamped, and in the shallow waters multitudes of spirit-like white cranes, or paddy-birds, paddle about. This very Irish designation is the name given to rice in the husk. The true name of this graceful bird, which haunts the rice

fields, is the aboo-gerdan. One of its favourite feeding grounds is the back of a buffalo, where it finds a good store of insects. You rarely see a herd of the ungainly brutes without several of these ministering spirits in attendance, their delicate snowy plumage contrasting strangely with the hideous and dirty creatures on which they perch. The buffalo's highest notion of bliss is standing for hours in a muddy tank or stream, with only his nose and his back above water, so that all the small game seek refuge on that dry ridge, and well do the white cranes know what sure covert those little black islands afford.

What chiefly strikes us, as we whirl along, is that the general effect of the country is like that of the midland counties of England. The masses of foliage are especially English. At a very short distance a mango tope might pass for a group of sycamores; while the neeme, tamarind, peepul, &c., more or less resemble oak, ash, or poplar—only you notice that the crops are richer and taller than those of Britain. Fields of dall, or Indian corn, or of tall sugar-cane, banana gardens, all with rich foliage; and every field is guarded by several watchers, who sit, each in his solitary lodge—a thatched hut—either perched on a tree, or raised on bamboos, that he may be above reach of the wild beasts, whom he is bound to scare away from the crops.

We passed many groups of date palms, with a dozen or more of the graceful hanging nests of the "baya" sparrow—sometimes fastened to the leaves by a cord nearly a yard long, and swinging in the breeze. The nest is the shape of a chemist's glass retort, and hangs, mouth downwards, to cheat the cunning monkeys, the grey squirrels, the tree-climbing snakes, and other foes which might glide along the bough. Thus the wise old birds rear their brood in safety in this dainty cradle. The weaver-birds and tailor-birds build similar pensile nests with delicately interwoven fibres of grass, hanging from the light tip of a palm

leaf ; or sometimes they choose a leaf of the great elephant creeper, and fold and stitch it together with grassy thread or downy cotton, which, with their long bill and slender feet, they twist till it becomes a fine cord. It is said that at night they stick a fire-fly in the wet clay at the mouth of the nest to give them light !

Our first halting point was to be near the ancient city of Moorshedabad. We therefore left the main line of rail at Nulhattee (where we noted a strangely picturesque old bridge), whence a branch line brought us to the river Bhagarithi, an offset of the Ganges. Here a troop of natives quarrelled over our baggage, and finally landed us and it in an open boat, and so we crossed the river. It was a brilliant moonlight, and the steep banks of the stream were lighted by many fires, round which squatted groups of wild-looking creatures, all attractive to the artistic eye. A two hours' drive followed, through scenes to which the misty moonlight lent a rare fascination. We passed a succession of old temples, half hidden by rank vegetation, native houses, and bazaars—red firelight and dark figures, white mosques and great buildings appearing through the tall trees. Here and there we came to an open space where great weird-looking elephants were quietly feeding under the dark trees. This was our first sight of these grisly beasts, so it had all the charm of a new sensation.

We were, in fact, passing through the town of Moorshedabad, which Clive described as being a city as extensive, rich, and populous as London. The fall of the Mohammedan Empire, however, shook its glory, and the fearful famine of 1770 tended further to its decay, so that there are now few remains of the grand old city. The chief lion is the immense new modern palace of the Nawaub Nazim of Bengal, who, with his sons, paid so long a visit to the murky shores of Britain, hoping to induce Parliament to secure to his descendants

the same position as he himself still retains, i.e. a sort of monarchy under British supervision. It was said that his chances of success were small indeed, yet he believed them sufficient to compensate for his long voluntary exile from his luxurious home, his noble stud of horses and elephants, and all his Oriental splendour, and for the dreariness of many winters in London or Sussex, where wondering rustics followed his priest to the butcher's shop to watch so strange a ceremony as that of blessing the animals about to be slain in the name of God, thus making them lawful food for the faithful.

From the great dome in his marble-paved hall hangs a chandelier, a gift from the Queen. Here, too, is his ivory throne (for the carved ivory work of Moorshedabad is famous). On the river float his pleasure-boats of divers form, draped on gala days with rich and brilliant hangings, well in keeping with the gay dresses of the dusky beauties within. One of the boats is shaped like a peacock.

Among the ruins of the ancient city are a few arches of a once magnificent palace of black marble, built by Suraja Dowla, who brought the materials thereof from the ancient Buddhist city of Gour, which is not far distant, and near the Ganges. It was once the capital of Bengal, and is now a wondrous heap of ruins, wave after wave of change having swept over it. First the Brahmins overwhelmed the Buddhists, and appropriated their temples. These were next used as quarries by the Mohammedans, under whose rule the city waxed great and stately, and of exceeding wealth. It was twenty miles in circumference, and surrounded by a wall sixty feet high. Here beautiful enamelled bricks were manufactured, like those which embellish the ruins of Delhi. On every side were great fortifications and mosques. On the river floated craft of all sizes and forms. There were fantastic pagodas, towers, and floating gardens, which, on the

great festivals, were lighted up, and glittered like some fairy scene. But three hundred years ago an awful pestilence broke out. Thousands died daily; burial became impossible; Hindoo and Mohammedan were alike thrown into the river, and the contagion spread far and wide. The city was deserted; rank weeds overspread the palaces; thick forests have sprung up in the streets where the wars of conflicting faiths once raged. Now, you can scarcely force your way through this wilderness of deserted halls by reason of the mass of tangled creepers and green things of the earth—an uncared-for jungle, where the tiger and the wild boar revel unmolested. Even the arable land for miles round is just brickdust. The brilliant river festivals are things of an almost forgotten past; only at the feast of Beira the Hindoo maidens still float their tiny lamps in cocoa-nut shells adorned with a few flowers, and watch the fortune of their love.

In almost the very same words I might describe many another once stately Indian city, to several of which we found our way, and spent weeks of delight in exploring tombs, temples, and palaces, once centres of busy life, but now all overgrown with tropical forest, yet retaining the primitive beauty of their exquisite marble carvings and richly coloured tiles, their sculptured columns and grotesque imagery, all the more striking from contrast with the desolation that now reigns around them. To the artist, the archaeologist, and the students of strange mythologies, these deserted cities, so fascinating in their ruin, offer an inexhaustible store of interest, while the sportsman and the naturalist each find there a rich field wherein to follow their own bent, for many shy and beautiful creatures—birds, beasts, and reptiles—now make their homes in forsaken palaces, or wander at large in the gardens where veiled and jewelled ladies held their dazzling festivals, and life was one long dream of Oriental splendour.

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One of the perpetually recurring aggravations of travelling in India is the impossibility of getting definite information as to what things and places are really best worth seeing; it is so very exceptional to find any one who takes the smallest interest in anything native, unless it has reference to coining rupees. Consequently, the majority of our countrymen generally tell you that a city is or is not worth visiting according to the recollections of their commissariat, or the weather, or something equally irrelevant. Thus I have constantly been assured that there was literally nothing to see at such and such a place, and yet have found there materials of beauty and of interest that have afforded me a perfect feast of delight. Some of the old native cities are, however, so very beautiful, both as regards their architecture and the surrounding scenery, that even the most casual observer cannot withhold his meed of praise—such are the cities of Jeypore, Ajmeer, and Oodeypore.

The fact, however, that these cities lie a short distance from the line of rail adds so much to the difficulty of reaching them, that we were compelled to give up all thought of seeing these, and many like them, and content ourselves with visiting such places of interest as lie along the line. Even from these we very quickly gathered such a store of varied impressions as few Anglo-Indians of the last generation had a chance of accumulating in a long life time.

A week in wonderful Benares gave us such a glimpse of a purely Hindoo city as fairly bewildered us—a glimpse of life in a city, wholly given to idolatry, whose countless strange domes and pyramids tell of the innumerable temples, where day and night idolatrous rites are celebrated, and altars reek with the blood of goats and buffaloes offered to the dread goddess Doorga or the great Siva. There we first beheld heathendom in triumphant riot; vast crowds of devotees,

bent on the great work of securing their salvation by worshipping at every shrine in the vast city, pressing on with deafening shouts, blowing horns or conchs, ringing bells, reiterating the praises of the gods, a crowd in which each individual is a study for an artist; a bronze statue, lightly draped and flower-bedecked, or, if a woman, gracefully veiled, and just revealing her quaint ornaments or jewels seen through a film of fine muslin.

Our week in Benares was like one long dream, in which ten thousand strangely incongruous scenes were all jumbled and blended in inextricable confusion. Sacred white oxen with dark, sleepy eyes, helping themselves, unhidden, to the grain-merchant's stores, or munching the rose garlands of their worshippers; troops of sacred monkeys descending from the house-tops to accept the offerings of the faithful; grotesque images of strange gods; mystic dragons; pure fountains, where ceremonial washings are done in public—scrupulous legal cleanliness, combined with indescribable neglect of the simplest municipal regulations; elephants with gorgeous trappings passing silently along streets, so narrow that they literally touch the houses on either side, some indeed so very narrow that only the *ton-jann* carried by men can pass along them; tall houses of six or seven stories, with richly-carved fronts and projecting verandahs of dark wood, literally meeting overhead, so that only here and there can you catch a glimpse of the blue sky overhead; temples and shrines where millions of great yellow African marigolds and other blossoms are daily offered; quaint shops and bazaars where Eastern wares of all sorts are offered for sale, simple objects for familiar daily household use, which to us offered all the fascination and temptation of curiosity shops, beautifully engraved brass lotas, or pots, curious incense-burners, grotesque idols, quaint figures supporting lamps, boxes, plates, and vases of inlaid

metals, silvery vases for the hubble-bubble or water-pipe, which we turned to better account by filling them with roses. Half the charm of the Eastern shops is that they are open to the street, and the beautiful or curious objects offered for sale all add to the general decoration.

So day after day we wandered through the labyrinth of wide streets and narrow streets, big gods and little gods, among gorgeous peacocks and ridiculous monkeys, shaven Brahmins and beturbaned crowds, mingling in strange scenes and watching processions of every description—alike only in their picturesque novelty and oddity,—strangest of all when seen by moonlight or illumined by coloured lanterns and sacred bonfires, but always with the same accompaniment of horrible musical instruments, the same clamorous crowd of priests and beggars, the one demanding, the others craving, backsheesh but both alike clamorous.

Each morning at early dawn we found our way to the river, the Ganges, whose broad, calm stream is the object of deepest adoration to every Hindoo—the visible representative of the beneficent goddess Ganga. So to her shores come all the faithful to bathe and worship at sunrise, men, women, and little children, who crowd down the steep flights of long stone stairs to the bathing *ghauts* or platforms, where they bathe and worship, filling their brass lota with water from the sacred stream, which they pour out as an offering to the sun, then falling prostrate with their forehead in the dust, they worship in silence.

No Hindoo would touch his morning food till after he has prayed, and he dare not pray till he has bathed, so that cleanliness and godliness are necessarily near neighbours in a certain degree. Moreover, in his strict obedience to this rule, as well as to the intense religious earnestness and self-denying humility of his daily life, the Hindoo assuredly puts to shame many of those who despise his creed and pride themselves on their superior

knowledge—a dead faith which does not betray itself by one symptom of practice.

Here, on the river bank, are enacted all kinds of strange ceremonies, social or religious—curious penances are practised, marriage processions come and go, funerals, and cremations. Day and night films of blue smoke rise from the burning ghaut, and corpses wrapped in scarlet or cloth-of-gold are laid on funeral pyres, round which weeping relations march in sun-wise procession, with bitter wailing: then one applies the sacred torch to the dry wood, and a little later a handful of ashes is sprinkled on the river, and the worshipper of Ganga thus finds his last resting-place on her bosom.

Here and there, along the banks, are huge idols, fashioned of Ganges mud; and devout worshippers model little images for themselves, of mud or of sacred cow-dung. On these they gaze fixedly while praying, then throw them in the stream as being of no further use—for an educated Hindoo will tell you that he worships an invisible spirit, without reference to any created matter, but this outward symbol helps him to concentrate his thoughts, which else would wander over the vast heaven.

Along the brink of the river are planted groups of huge grass umbrellas, like gigantic mushrooms, beneath whose shade are squatted groups of bathers and worshippers. The town extends for several miles along the river, facing the rising sun, so that its earliest rays light up that marvellous pile of temples, bathing ghauts, palaces, pinnacles, red or gilded pyramidal spires, pigeon roosts, green trees telling of shady gardens, steep flights of stairs, and broad landing-places. On the stream float quaint boats of all sorts, for use or for pleasure, from the grain-boat of the merchant to the peacock-shaped boat of the maharajah. There, too, float objects less pleasant to sight and smell—bodies of the very poor, whose relations could not afford to buy wood for

a funeral pyre, and so committed their dead, unburnt, to the great mother, who received their sacred charge unquestioningly.

All day long white and brown kites wheel around us with sharp cries, or quarrel noisily over some dainty offal. Pilgrims, wading knee-deep in the river mud, walk round the holy city in sun-wise circuit. Milk sellers swim across the broad stream, floating a light raft whereon are set their milk jars; and day and night there rises from the city a ceaseless clang of trumpets and tom-toms, and *sunkhs* (holy shells) and big drums, and the murmur of oft-told prayers, and shouts and discordant sounds of every sort. So existence goes on day after day, year after year, like a marvellous kaleidoscope, whose curious combinations of motley life are indeed inexhaustible.

All too quickly came the day when we must leave this strange city; so, crossing the broad river by the bridge of boats, we once more found ourselves on the track of the new civilisation, and the swift railway carried us away from the Hindoo city; and ere its strange impressions had faded from our minds, we woke to find ourselves in the Mohammedan city of Agra, which, in its architectural loveliness, seems inspired by the grand calm of its monotheism.

The same feeling invariably suggests itself in passing from a Hindoo to a Mohammedan city. The incongruities that pervade the worship of a thousand grotesque idols seem as though they must find expression in a confused jumble of grotesque spires, and cones, and pyramids, while the grand simplicity of Mohammedan architecture, and the scrupulous cleanliness of its mosques (to which the worshippers bring neither animals nor flowers as offerings), seems, as it were, the reflex of the broad unity of the creed it typifies.

Strangely impressive is the grandeur of the massive red sandstone fort, built by the Emperor Akbar, in whose

honour the natives to this day call the city Akbar-abad, the town of Akbar. It was this fort which Bishop Heber described as a "fortress built by giants and finished by jewellers." And, in truth, that massive red rock is but a setting for the exquisite jewelled marbles with which the interior is adorned. Zenana pavilions of fairy-like loveliness, perched like turrets on the great sandstone wall overhanging the river; the wide projecting roof, the pillars and balconies, are all of purest white marble, carved with such marvellous skill as to resemble fairy frost-work suddenly petrified.

Within the fort also lies the most exquisite of all mosques, called the *Motee Musjid* or pearl mosque, truly a pearl of architecture. From all parts of the neighbourhood you see its five domes of snow-white marble rising above the mighty walls of the fort, gleaming in dazzling light against the deep-blue heavens, while the beauty of its internal decoration is a source of marvel even to the people of the land. The Mohammedan emperors had no idea of doing things on a small scale. This vast fort is a mile and a half in circumference, and its great outer walls are eighty feet high, presenting a frowning exterior well calculated to awe besiegers to whom modern artillery was as yet unknown, and rendering doubly secure the imperial palace within, with its costly and tasteful buildings.

But excelling all else in its beauty is the peerless Taj Mahal, the white marble mausoleum of an emperor's adored wife, a thing of dreamlike beauty, which alone would be worth the whole journey from Britain, whether seen in the golden dawn, or cutting clear against the blue of the mid-day sky, when it gleams like a giant pearl; or, best of all, in the calm moonlight, when it stands before you as the very embodiment of the spirit of purity. It were hard to tell, whether it seems most beautiful when you stand on the opposite shore

of the river, whose blue waters mirror each dainty minaret and cupola—or whether it is still better to stand in its own garden, beneath dark trees, festooned with rich masses of lilac-leaved creepers (*bougainvillia*) forming an exquisite frame for so fair a picture. Like the *Motee Musjid*, it is set in red sandstone—that is to say, a massive wall, richly carved with groups of arabesque flowers, incloses the lovely garden (forty acres in extent) and rises perpendicular from the blue waters of the river Jumna. The carved niches of that red wall appear to be inlaid with some device of emeralds, which on a nearer approach prove to be living gems, myriads of green parrots, which flash past us in the sunlight.

The tomb rests on a great platform of white marble 900 feet square and forty feet high. From its four corners rise four tall and slender minarets, 150 feet high, of pure white marble, capped with marble domes. They gleam like pillars of light against the soft blue sky. It is all of the purest highly polished marble, crowned with one grand white dome, like a gigantic pearl, round which nestle a cluster of pearly snow-white domes. The great central dome rises to a height of two hundred feet. But neither figures nor description can give any idea of its loveliness. It seems as though it were a visible embodiment of that intensely loyal devotion to the dead, to which it owes its existence; and its calm beauty conveys a feeling of repose, which seems as though the builder had striven to symbolise that great peace into which his loved one had entered.

To those who desire to know how such feelings can find expression in stone, I can but offer my humble advice, that instead of journeying to the Nile or such half-way regions, they should extend their flight, and behold for themselves the cities of the Mohammedan emperors of India.

C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

A NOTE ON A GOOD WORK.

THOSE who have travelled by the South-Western Railway last summer and autumn, may have met, going to or returning from, the New Forest, merry parties of little boys and girls travelling without escort, but, for the most part, carefully and conspicuously labelled, and kindly looked after by the railway officials. Those coming from London were pale and thin, but eager with expectation; those returning, rosy and bright, and laden with flowers, and looking pleased with themselves and with all the world. Some two hundred and twenty-five of these little town folk spent three weeks in the New Forest among us last year. It has been a pleasant and a good work for all who had to do with it, from those who added a zest to their own pleasure by contributing towards that of poor London children, down to the homely cottagers, who entertained them with a hospitality more in proportion to their own warm impulse, than to the fair, but not over liberal sum, five shillings a head, afforded by the fund. Those who have helped, as well as those who have noticed our visitors, may like to hear a word or two about their stay among us, and perhaps others, hearing of it, may think next summer of enhancing their own holiday enjoyment by extending it to the little ones around them.

In 1882 a subscription was made in the neighbourhood of Lyndhurst, with the object of inviting down London children, needing change of air and scene, for a three weeks' stay in the New Forest. A few respectable cottagers were found, able and willing to give them lodging and wholesome food (including good milk) at five shillings a head. The plan was found to answer, and the next year a paragraph was put in a widely-circulated weekly paper with the object of

obtaining from the public donations to enable a larger number of children to get change of air. The response was immediate and most liberal, almost over-taxing the resources of those who had pledged themselves to work the project. I should like to say something about the experiment, in the hope that the notion may be carried out on a still better footing another year.

Perhaps people rather like a scheme which is not organised in the sense of having a committee and a secretary, and spending money in circulars and subscription lists. And this, after all, may do very well for a small beginning, but to carry out a scheme on a large scale without such apparatus will end in defeat. In one respect I sincerely hope that our little scheme will never lose its homely simplicity. I hope that the essence of it will always consist in the readiness of rural cottagers to open their homes to the little visitors. As it is, elderly people, who had perhaps long ago sent their young fledglings out into the world; and couples, who had never had the even tenour of their lives, or the trim neatness of their homes interfered with by young ones, have vied with each other in making them happy, and even, in some cases, have over-indulged them. It has been delightful to hear the interest excited among our country friends by the things that their little guests had to tell of their London life, and to see their wonder at its troubles, and their pity for them. Nor was it less delightful when the children returned home well and happy, laden with country spoils, to hear of the gratitude of the London parents, and the interchange of friendly letters. Such contact makes a link between town and country, enlarges human sympathies, makes people forget to be selfish. Old hearts were warmed by the

practice of the kindness to which they were unused, and some perhaps secretly cherished the little ailing one for the sake of "the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that was still." It seemed with most of them a real labour of love. Of course all were not alike. Some could gain by it, and probably knew they could, when they undertook it. But I think it was money fairly earned; for in all cases I believe they did their duty thoroughly by the children. I have been in at all hours, and have seen "father and mother" or "uncle and aunt" (as they called them, for they all seemed to take at once to their adopted relations), sitting at table, surrounded by the little strangers, all sharing the same savoury dish. In one case, where the adopted family was numerous, the real son sat at a little side table. All looked happy and contented. The only complaints I heard were, that the little new comers did not do justice to the country fare.

As for the little folk themselves, there was no need of a key to unlock their confidence. They chirped away freely, like their fellow-citizens, the London sparrows. We had not to deal with the lowest or most degraded class. All those with whom we had to do, however poor they may have been—and some were miserably poor—had been in some form or another brought under the elevating influence of some of the better class, either the clergy or others. On the whole, though I could not yet recommend poor country children to go for three weeks' change of air to London—their London—yet I think, taking mind and body together, that the London children were in a healthier state—a state, I mean, in which all their powers of mind and body are in more active use, than those of their brothers and sisters in the country. Of course, where there is more use, there is more friction, and more wear and tear. Faults in the machinery, in the shape of organic diseases, are more quickly developed. Unless the needful rest is given, the life may be

shorter, but it is more complete, and, under favourable circumstances, may develop into a healthier humanity. This is some consolation for the fact which we so often hear deplored, that town children are every day vastly increasing in numbers compared with country ones. If London produces the precocious imp, with his early crop of misdemeanours, there is a set-off in the stupidity and indifference too common among those who drag out dull existences in the country. If there is restlessness in the town, is it worse than the dull unreasoning contentment of the rustic?

When originally it was proposed to invite our little town friends into our country homes we thought first of the danger of bodily infection: of course where there is freer communication there must be more risk of this. It is, however, an evil which I suppose all holiday-seekers and promoters have decided to be less than the evil of staying at home. But in this case great care in selection and despatch can reduce the danger to the minimum possible under the circumstances. Perhaps those who send them dread, with as much reason, our *laissez-aller* style of country drainage and innocent simplicity in sanitary affairs, with their evil effects on more sensitive temperaments. But besides this we thought, and even said, many severe things about their bad moral influence; they would teach our children bad words, bad thoughts, knowledge unnatural to their years. I do not believe it was so; I think if they taught them anything it was not what was peculiar to a few, but what was noticeable in all, namely, quickness of observation, readiness to draw conclusions, to label shrewdly things and persons, to derive enjoyment from all they saw. As for lying, stealing, and destructiveness, I believe that there was less of all this than there would have been in the case of a good many of our country children. I do not like to hazard an opinion as to their aptitude for religious ideas; but surely we may suppose that a healthy intelligence must

be favourable to the grasp of great spiritual truths. If all this is true in any measure, it is hopeful enough. If town children are coming into the country, we are, perhaps with fear and trembling, sending up our youth for work in the great centres of industry. Even where we do not do this, the mixing of town with country people will produce effects that we need not regret.

We are apt to think of all the temptations that life in towns offers to the young, but we forget the dull blank of a mind in which the powers are left dormant and unstirred; and the gratification of the senses and appetites is the main object and resource. One of the speakers at a recent congress observed that a large percentage of crime might be set down to temper. We may be sure that nothing is more calculated to breed and intensify faults of temper than leaving the intelligence vacant and without interest. It is in the empty and unoccupied mind that there is least chance, either of effectual self-control or of awakening any desire of improvement.

Having said thus much of my little friends, let me say a word to the kind people who took so much trouble in sending them down to us, to the clergymen, lay-helpers, sisters, district visitors, and others, in every part of London. In one case a clergyman came up from his holiday by the seaside, to see that the little travellers started in good order. The public would hardly realise the amount of trouble they took, the small worries they had to encounter, and the unpleasant details they had to settle. The doctor's certificate was to be procured. Decent clothes were to be got, including the formidable item of strong boots for the country. The practices of cleanliness were to be enjoined. If any of these things had been neglected, what was intended to give pleasure would only have ended in anxiety and mischief.

Notwithstanding my respect for

sisterhoods and the way in which they perform arduous work, I may perhaps be allowed to complain a little that they did not always do their business in a business-like way. For instance, Sister A. or Sister B. may be very well inside the walls, but for a correspondent who is in communication with several sisterhoods, there is a pretty obvious awkwardness in the receipt of letters only signed by a not uncommon Christian name. Nor was an undated letter so unusual as it ought to have been. Again, if children have to be sent to two different stations in one neighbourhood, and they are despatched to the wrong one, or even despatched without any clear address at all, what was meant for kindness may end in real misery. By good fortune, we found, that where either senders or receivers made a mistake, guards, porters, and drivers were ready to advise and direct. Still it is a serious thing to send bands of inexperienced and excitable youngsters to travel without escort at a time when stations and trains are crowded. This may be remembered for another year.

The children were not the only persons, we may hope, who were the better for what was done for them. The doers were surely not the worse. The rich holiday-makers may well have enjoyed their own recreation the more, for having been mindful of the pale faces and joyless lives of their little fellow-citizens. The girl who got her own outing, or was disappointed of it, had the satisfaction, either as extra or as substitute, of knowing that she had procured one for a little brother or sister. If the bereaved mother who sent us the two little purses with the savings of her lost darling, was too sick at heart to enjoy a holiday of her own, the thought will not have failed her that the money collected for their sakes may have called the roses to some other darling's cheeks.

F. NORRIS.

REVIEW OF THE MONTH.

EVENTS have moved so rapidly in Egypt since the beginning of the year that the situation to-day is almost as different from what it was then, as the situation then was from that defined in the disastrous and short-sighted Joint Note of January, 1882. On January 2, the Egyptian Government addressed a note to the British Government, calling for a final decision as to the Soudan, and intimating that if England refused assistance, the Khedive was determined to abandon to Turkey the Eastern Soudan. Four days later, the British Government informed the Khedive and his Ministers in reply that they did not object to the retrocession of the Eastern Soudan to Turkey, and that they urged the abandonment of the Soudan, and the permanent withdrawal of their forces from all points south of Wady Halfa or the Second Cataract. Of course, under the circumstances, advice was only another name for an imperative request. The public has not been informed for certain whether this strong act of intervention was prompted by Sir Evelyn Baring or was an inspiration from Downing Street. It is believed, however, that the latter is the true account, and that the idea did not emanate from our agent. The delivery of the English Note was followed by the resignation of Chérif and his Egyptian colleagues on the next day (January 7). On general grounds they protested against a system which allowed England to dictate every detail of policy and administration without undertaking executive responsibility. On the more particular issue, they resisted the order to abandon Khartoum, and publicly to announce the surrender of all territory beyond Wady Halfa. The subsequent action of the British

Government has been no small justification of these views of the Egyptian ministers. Before many hours had elapsed, people in England bethought themselves that it would have been wiser not to let the insurgents know that they had won, until the garrison and the Europeans in Khartoum had been extricated from peril. Rash exultation at the deposition of Chérif was followed by an intense anxiety as to the probable consequence of not letting Chérif's views prevail. After three or four days of keen preoccupation of the public mind in England, Ministers agreed to despatch General Gordon to the scenes of his former heroic exploits in the cause of humanity. He has gone on his hazardous errand without extra military support; the precise nature of his proposed operations is not very intelligible; and to anxiety for the safety of the people at Khartoum will soon be added anxiety quite as sharp for the brave and heroic man who has gone to their rescue.

What will be done in case of failure in the mission that General Gordon has so chivalrously undertaken, is not known. In Egypt we do one thing at once, and from beginning to end it has been assumed at each step that was taken, that our expectations would be fulfilled, and it has been thought superfluous to calculate deliberately beforehand what the proper step would be if they should happen to miscarry. As no single expectation, save the success at Tel-el-Kebir, has yet come true, it would seem that the time had arrived when the past method might be advantageously dropped. Supposing that General Gordon's designs should fail, that Khartoum and its inhabitants should fall into the hands of the insurgent tribes, are we, with British and Indian forces, going to subjugate the

Soudan? If so, is beggared Egypt, or India, or Great Britain, to pay the expenses, which will be enormous? It took thirty thousand French troops to do their business in Tunis, and the troops are still there. When the work is done, are we going to take the administration of the Soudan on our shoulders, or to hand it back to Egyptian misrule? These are only one or two out of a score of questions that will soon have to be answered as a consequence of our departure from the original policy, on which intervention was justified in the first instance and on many public occasions since.

We used to be told that Great Britain was all for leaving Egypt to the Egyptians, setting the Khedive on his legs, and handing him over to the real national party, headed by Chérif or Riaz, as distinguished from the pseudo-national party of Arabi. But instead of leaving Chérif to his own counsels, we have just tripped him up by first rejecting them, and then quietly acting on them. "To my mind," said General Gordon to Sir S. Baker, "patience and diplomacy are far more needed than arms." So they were from the first; and if we had allowed Chérif to diplomatise with the Mahdi and his chiefs, instead of peremptorily insisting on open surrender, the situation would pretty certainly have been much better, and could not have been any worse. The clever Frenchman at Cairo will not be slow to turn the sentiment of such men as Chérif and Riaz to account. The dismissed ministers have become the centre of intrigue, and our position as the real masters behind Nubar and his phantom colleagues makes it inevitable that this intrigue should be uniformly, constantly, invariably hostile to us. It is proposed that we should openly announce our intention of remaining in Egypt for five years. Of course, during the whole of that time Nubar, or any other minister that we chose to support, would be making inveterate enemies of the ablest Egyptians, and the moment that our back was turned

would be the moment for his overthrow and the subversion of his reforms. To go into Egypt for five years is to remain there for an indefinite period, and those who advocate this limitation are well aware in their inner minds that the occupation would be practically unlimited. For the hour there is a temporary relief in this country at the signs of what is called a drastic policy on the part of the Government. The partisans of annexation are confident, and even the opponents of annexation are sinking into a state of passive acquiescence. The reaction will come later, when inevitable circumstances have awakened the English public to the full measure of the costly responsibilities into which they have stumbled.

So much for North Africa. In South Africa our troubles are not at an end. The negotiations between the delegates from the Transvaal and the Secretary of State have been long protracted, and they have reached a further stage in a road which leads nowhere. The delegates have made the best fight they could for their notion of a proper western boundary. Lord Derby could not accept it, and pressed a boundary of his own. This the Boers will not definitely accept. They will in plain truth return to their country, as might have been expected, *re infectâ*, leaving things in essential features much as they were when they started. Negotiations are idle when one of the parties has neither advantages to offer nor penalties to threaten. We are in that position. Mr. Gladstone made it plain, in his important speech last March, that we are not going to treat the affairs of the southwestern borderland of the Transvaal as serious concerns of ours. We may send an officer there as we have sent one there before now, but he will pretty certainly in time disappear unobtrusively from the scene as he disappeared then. The Opposition will again be able to say what they said last spring, that we have a choice between the

disgraceful desertion of native allies, or the most serious war ever undertaken by Great Britain in South Africa. "Only speak firmly to the Boers," said Mr. Forster, "and you will have no occasion to resort to the sword." "But what," asked Mr. Gladstone in reply, "would be our predicament, if, after holding that firm language, we had to support our remonstrances by a difficult, a costly, and almost hopeless military expedition? We decline to undertake a military expedition for the purpose of rectifying disorders in a country which has always been disorderly, although we know that those disorders are now aggravated partly by the intervention of Boer freebooters. That is a responsibility we cannot assume and which we will not impose upon the people of this country" (March 16, 1883). With these passages in their minds, and with the consciousness that they represent the general sense of the English constituencies, the Transvaal delegates might be excused if they regarded the whole of the present controversy between themselves and Lord Derby as really very hollow. The proposed Commissioner will only represent a Government that does not mean effectually to back him up in an emergency. That is perfectly certain. If the Transvaal Government cannot do what it has not hitherto been able to do, namely, restrain the sources of outrage and lawlessness on the southwestern frontier, the British Government will not on that account throw itself into conflict with the sentiment of the mass of that Dutch population which has so considerable a majority in the European settlements of South Africa. It can only be for purely Parliamentary reasons, and in order to have an ostensible reply to the assaults of the Opposition, that Lord Derby has attempted to insist on a settlement that gives us a colourable responsibility for the frontier. If the native chiefs are wise, they will look out for themselves and lean as little as may be on the Commissioner. As for

the trade route from Cape Colony to the north, it is of the smallest practical concern whether it is inside or outside of the Transvaal boundary. The Transvaal Government would agree either to neutralise it, or would assent to a limitation of the right to levy tolls upon it. Once more, as we are certainly not going to plunge into a serious war for such a point as this, we may be sure that the exclusion of the route from the nominal boundaries will not affect the power of the Boer Government over it, if they or their difficult borderers should choose in whatever form to meddle with it. But anybody can see both that the Cape Colony has most interest in the freedom of the road, and is most favourably placed for dealing with the Transvaal Government in respect of it, by virtue of the presence of the powerful element of common nationality. Perhaps the time will come when Parliament will insist that the distant communities that have been endowed with responsible government shall really undertake responsibility in its fullest sense. Basutoland has not, it is true, formed a very satisfactory experiment, but the circumstances of the failure were principally due to the fact that the Imperial Government was in the background. Of course, those who, in both of the English political camps, call aloud for an assertion of Imperial authority, whether to protect natives or trade routes, will be loudly thankful for small mercies in the shape of nominal suzerainties, paper conventions, and shadowy Residents. But the force of circumstances is too strong for their illusions, and great problems of race and dominion will work themselves out in South Africa without much regard either to the exalted talk of Imperialists or the bitter cry of bellicose philanthropists.

These outlying topics, of vital importance as they are to the well-being of the country, are for the time secondary to the renovation of the

governing machine at home. It is the new projects of Parliamentary Reform that now engage the attention of most politicians. The struggle is of great moment, for it involves not only an intensely exciting Parliamentary conflict in the present, but a decisive battle between rival political principles and social forces in the future. Of this we shall have enough to say in many months to come.

It is more than a curious coincidence that the question of Parliamentary Reform should be open in so many countries at the same moment. Italy settled it not long since, and there the extension of the suffrage was favourable to good government and Parliamentary stability. In Belgium the vote is only given to a man who pays forty-two francs in direct contribution, but there is a movement for universal suffrage started by the Radicals, and not opposed by the Catholics, who declare that it will work there as it does in Germany, where the Clericals win nearly all the elections to the Reichsrath from the Catholic provinces. In France M. Ferry amazed both his friends and his enemies by his declaration before the Recess that he was in favour of a revision of the Constitution. He has since explained his view of the three questions involved. The Senate ought not, in his opinion, to be deprived of its power of criticising the Budget, but after it has introduced its amendments, and they have been considered by the Chamber, then it is the Chamber that is to have the last word. The Senate, again, ought not to be deprived of its prerogative of nominating a certain number of its own members, but the members who are chosen by such a process of co-optation should not be allowed to sit for life, as at present, but should have a term of nine years like the rest of the Senatorial body. As for the burning question of *Scrutin de liste*, that he hopes may be left over, and not introduced into the project of revision at all. It is not clear what

are M. Ferry's motives for taking the weapon of Revision from the armoury of his foes on the extreme Left. His manipulation of the telegram in the Tonquin debate does not show a very scrupulous temper; and according to some authorities he admits that he only took up revision as a point in a Parliamentary manœuvre, to be dropped when it had served its purpose. Meanwhile, he lives on the success at Sontay. The French forces seem to make no way, but they suffer no repulse, and the relations between the French and Chinese Governments are in the same confused and intricate condition in which the most conscientious reader of telegrams and despatches vainly strives to see a ray of daylight. M. Ferry's own position seems to be stronger than that of any administration for the last eight years. He has, for the time at least, secured support enough from the Centre to be able to defy those groups on the furthest Left who have hitherto been the destroyers of governments while unable even to approach within measurable distance of a Government of their own.

In Italy the position is of a precisely similar kind. Not long ago it might have been truly said that the average duration of a Ministry did not exceed six months. The Depretis-Mancini Ministry has been in office for three years, and does not seem to have reached the end of its tether. Signor Depretis, like M. Ferry, has cut himself off from the Radicals, and, in company with a section of the Left, has rallied to the Centre, with the view of proving that a Party of Government or Party of Business should become the great aim, as it is the necessity and the difficulty of every country that has been saved by a Party of Revolution. In Italy, as in France, the Minister is blamed by those who were once his allies for his severity towards the Radicals, and his complaisance towards their enemies. The topics are as much alike in the

two countries as is the Parliamentary situation: reform of higher education, improvement of the judiciary, reorganisation of self-government in the communes. In foreign policy alone there is a difference of tone between Italy and France. Practically no Parliamentary opposition is offered to the reserve and the self-control with which the Ministers watch the work of France in Tunis. In abstaining from any restless desire of retaliation for that bad turn, Italy shows a sober political intelligence that her friends might well covet for France. Her admission to the Austro-German alliance gives her security for the present and hope for the future. These temporary advantages do not, it is true, check the assiduity with which Italian Governments, with the approval of political sections of every shade, press on their military and maritime defences. Most foreign onlookers condemn so large an outlay for these purposes, and ask why Italy does not leave ironclads alone, and devote herself to economic remedies for the devastating mischiefs of the pellagra, of mendicancy, and of abnormal emigration. The answer, to which we may attach what weight we please, is that it would be madness for Italy to neglect her defences as long as so restless a neighbour as France watches her frontier on the north-west and is so powerful on her sea flank, while Austria, with all the uncertain elements in her policy, is in a still stronger position on the north-east.¹

Whether it would not have been wiser to trust to skilful and pacific diplomacy instead of resorting to provocative armaments, the Italians have ceased to ask. Meanwhile they have peace within their borders. The elements of revolutionary organisation which exist in all the Latin countries are at present suppressed in Italy. No statesmen have been more adroit than Cavour and

his successors in utilising the forces of revolution for solid purposes. At present the Ultras of patriotism, who are for the recovery of the Trentino, Trieste, Malta, Corsica, do not happen to be wanted, and so they are rigorously kept in order. The Clerical party is less dangerous there than in France, because its avowed aims are known to be frankly impossible; the pretensions of men who can be content with nothing short of the destruction of the great work of Italian unity, are so enormous that they cease to be serious.

The third of the Latin nations of Europe seems to be on the eve of more exciting events than either of the other two. Spain, too, like them, has been the scene of a deadlock among Parliamentary parties, and here, as elsewhere, revision of the Constitution and universal suffrage formed a battlefield for contending factions. The Liberals have had three Cabinets of their own in three years, and all three have gone down from incurable divisions among the various groups nominally professing the same principles and using the same watchwords. After a prolonged and confusing debate, a Coalition Ministry has fallen. The real issue turned upon the party to whom the King should give the power of dissolving the Cortes, for Spanish elections go so uniformly in favour of the Government of the day that to be the Minister presiding over a dissolution is to have a majority for the day, though the majority never holds together for a year. This is accepted so much as a matter of course that it caused comparatively little amazement when, at a certain turn in the intrigue of the debate, Canovas del Castillo let it be known that he had little objection to universal suffrage, and could govern as well with that as with any other system. The Conservatives, he said in the Cortes, would accept universal suffrage with the counterpoise of the due representation of various interests,

¹ The Italian point of view is presented in an instructive volume recently published on *Military Italy*, by an English writer, bearing the heroic name of Charles Martel.

as in the German Empire. This is the Spanish version of the line of the English Conservatives in refusing to extend the franchise unless they have a properly managed redistribution and proportional representation.

The result of the intractable feuds among the groups making up the Liberal majority has been to give the King a colourable right, instead of sending for Sagasta, the head of the victorious party in the decisive division, to intrust the government to Canovas del Castillo and the reactionaries. He has taken two ultra members of the reactionary party into his Cabinet, one of them the leader of the Black Ultramontanes. Time will be given to him to secure all the keys of the administrative position, and in the late spring he will have his elections, unless heavy troubles should intervene, and either the Constitution or the King should disappear. According to official communications to the public prints, the King's motive in putting the Reactionists into power is his desire to give the Liberals a chance of healing their differences and forming a strong party in whose hands he may ultimately place the government of the country. This, of course, is mere moonshine. The King knows where to look for his friends, and he can no more rely with honest confidence on the Liberals, than our own Charles II. would have made Ministers of Russell and Sidney.

Though there have been loud professions of satisfaction in financial circles, the outlook is profoundly menacing. There is incessant movement of the troops from town to town in the northern provinces. The generals are believed to be faithful to the monarchy, but the disposition of the subordinate officers and of the rank and file is doubtful. It is hardly possible that the crisis should pass without a certain display of military disorder, and the only question is how far it may fall short of revolution. The new President of the Ministerial Council, in the course of the recent

debate, dwelt on the necessity of having military traitors shot, and from his firm temper it is believed that he will be as good as his word. More often than not, however, it has been found that threats of severe discipline rather exasperate than terrify. It will not be forgotten, moreover, that Dominguez, the War Minister in the fallen Government, had introduced a Bill raising the pay of all the officers in the army, from sergeant to colonel. The Republicans are justified by experience in their satisfaction at the creation of a reactionary Ministry, for reaction is what best favours their cause. Parisian critics of Spanish affairs are not quite disinterested, but this time they are probably not far wrong in interpreting the King's last step as the Spanish version of the famous Sixteenth of May in their own country. The French may at any rate be satisfied by the reflection that, as prudent observers foresaw plainly enough at the time, King Alfonso's entry into Prince Bismarck's league of circumvallation will be no very formidable fact for the French Republic. The King will for a long time to come have his own throne to look after.

The historian of our century will certainly find one of its most important features in the struggle that in every country of Europe attends the long effort to transfer the English Parliamentary system to Continental Governments, and even to maintain it in its own home. This, it may be, is the true clue to the leading movements of the age. Russia will be connected with such a clue by the stubborn or helpless resistance of its ruler to the forces that are drawing his country, last of all, towards the sphere of a constitutionalism which, as he cannot but perceive, works with so much apparent friction and confusion wherever it is tried. Yet the troubles of Parliamentarism are slight when compared with those of despotism.

Events in Russia are again justifying those who have for long been predicting that, if some advance were not made in the path of constitutional freedom, Terrorism would change from a superficial symptom into an organic disease, and become inveterate and incurable. The murder of the Chief of the Secret Police at the end of December has revived all the dismay and apprehension of three years ago, and the hopes of peace that grew up from the successful escape of the Czar during the barbaric mummeries of his coronation at Moscow, have again been rudely dashed to the ground. The proclamation addressed by the Czar to his people on that occasion was not easily capable of a liberal interpretation, though attempts were made to read it in a popular sense. Whatever may have been intended, nothing has been done. If under the auspicious excitement of the hour the Czar then seriously thought of permitting some extension of the rights of self-government to his people, the purpose was quickly extinguished. Not a step has been taken in that direction, and where the Government has not been passive its action has been repressive. Count Tolstoi is the modern representative of that school of statesmanship which three centuries ago was typified in the sombre figure of Philip II, of Spain. He dreads and hates freedom of thought, and with honest stupidity believes that he can stamp it out. In municipal councils, in the assemblies of the communes, in newspapers, the expression of free opinion is in every shape equally odious to him. At the annual meeting of the Academy of Sciences this month, a complete account of the speeches was not allowed to be made public because one of the speakers referred to the difficulties which Turguénieff had to encounter in Russia as a man of letters, and which caused him to live and do his work abroad. The Universities are to be thrust back into the conditions of 1863. Professors will be required to submit

their programmes to the authorities. The students will cease to be regarded as members of the University, and will become mere individual scholars, having no more corporate status than pupils attending the elementary schools. At present, again, the students may in theory assemble for common purposes. In practice they have no right of meeting at all; the curator prohibits an assembly, the police dissolve it if persisted in. For the future the prohibition will be statutory as well as administrative. The history of Russia alone, to say nothing of more civilised lands, is enough to show that this is the best possible way of sowing the revolutionary seed in a new generation. Newspapers are visited with official warning for the slightest display of individuality. To-day it is the *St. Petersburg News Sheet*, tomorrow the *Souffleur*, yesterday the *Russkoja Mysl*. Even the Lettish press is being subjected to a rigorous censorship, having lately shown a tendency to indulge in inflammatory language. The *Golos* is still under the ban of suppression, and the authorities decline to sanction its reappearance unless each number is submitted to the Censor before it is printed.

But the Terrorist prints cannot be suppressed. The *Universal Cause* makes its appearance with articles warning the Czar that, if he would exchange his gloomy prison-life at Gatchina for the happiness of Copenhagen, he must exchange despotism for constitutionalism. "A very large and varied crop," says one trustworthy correspondent, "of secret and revolutionary prints and newspapers is springing up here this winter in all directions. There are proclamations, printed, lithographed, hectographed, and in manuscript, circulating from hand to hand." New bands are organising themselves, and the circle of secret activity is widening. The Union of the Youth of the Will of the People is one of the most recent of these confederacies. It is to be a milder adjunct to the formidable party of action; to

concern itself with the business of propagandism in St. Petersburg and the provinces; to be a school of revolution; and to "form the rearguard of the party of the Will of the People." Though not immediately adopting the maxims of violent practice, there can be little doubt that all such organisations tend to throw out Terrorist rings, just as Fenianism tends to manufacture Invincibles. At Moscow, partly in connection with the murder of Soudeikin, and partly on other grounds, police raids were made among the students, and hosts of arrests ensued. Documents were seized, proving, to the satisfaction of the police, at least, the existence among the students of a formal league with revolutionary aims. Travellers tell how in the desolate steppe they come upon colporteurs carrying Bibles and Testaments, but secretly distributing revolutionary leaflets. The old movement of the Pilgrimage to the People is again at work, and in Central and South-eastern Russia the propagandism is active.

One correspondent writes that what has struck him most during a considerable absence from St. Petersburg is the transfer to the provinces of the gloomy pessimism of the capital. It has fallen to his lot, he says, to be in the richest cities of the Empire, and to traverse the finest parts of the black-earth zone. He has visited the Caspian fisheries, been a guest amongst the *raskolniki*, and received the hospitality of the German colonists. Whole weeks he has lived in Tartar villages and Calmuck encampments. Yet a hopeful or encouraging view of the domestic situation in Russia he declares that he has never once heard. "The country is suffering from a severe visitation of disappointment. Five months may be a short time in which to pass judgment on the post-coronation reforms, but, so far as I have been able to observe, judgment has been passed, and passed once for all. The sectarians are dissatisfied with the smallness of the

concessions made to them; the peasants, with much less ground for complaint, speak of the future with despair."

It is said that the Czar was on the very point of conceding some measure of popular reform when the murder of Soudeikin interrupted his beneficent design. If it were so, that event would be the best reason for hastening it. But according to the most favourable story, all that the Czar intended was the institution of a State Commission, whose approval should be required for the validity of any law or measure. Its members were to have been Loris Melikoff, Ignatieff, Milutine, Abasa, and Pobedonotseff. That is to say, this precious reform for the regeneration of the land was a narrow and bureaucratic Council of State. As for the last named gentleman, he is about as much of a reforming statesman as Archbishop Laud. Yet it is into the hands of blind and stupid reactionists of his stamp that one of the most difficult tasks of modern statesmanship has fallen. The Czar is reported to have summoned Count Tolstoi to his presence, and to have reproached him in violent terms for his incapacity. A high functionary, conversing with M. Pobedonotseff, casually used the term "to-morrow." M. Pobedonotseff interrupted impatiently: "To-morrow! None of us know whether we shall not be where Colonel Soudeikin is by to-morrow." Every incident is made the subject of exaggerated rumour and preternatural suspicion. The accident to the Czar in stepping from his sledge grew to be a shot-wound inflicted by a Nihilist. Count Tolstoi, the reactionary minister, has received warnings, and he meets the threat by the doubtful expedient of an increase of his bodyguard to thirty men. Other high functionaries have had the same terrible notice served upon them by the emissaries of the Executive Committee. The efforts of the police to discover Soudeikin's murderers have been successfully baffled so far, in spite of their bound-

less powers. The murder itself is an exposure of the fraud which was attempted on Russian and European opinion when the famous Third Section was announced to be at an end. The name was abolished, but the institution, its agents, and its methods remained in the Secret Section of the Prefecture of which Soudeikin was the head. Romantic accounts have been published of his skill, daring, and delight in his terrible game, but he seems all the time to have been in truth the dupe of his intended victims. It is probably an exaggeration of the conspirators that whenever he went on a visit to Odessa, Kief, Charkoff, every trip he made cost hundreds of men and women their liberty or life, all who were captured being either delivered over to special courts or sent to Siberia. But he had doubtless done enough to incur the bitter enmity of dangerous foes, and that he should have fallen into the trap that they laid for him is only another illustration of the well-known fact that no police is so blundering as the police that is most lavishly entrusted with arbitrary powers.

Meanwhile, through the dim and sinister twilight in which Russia is enveloped, we get occasional glimpses of what is going on. A schoolmaster at Irkutsk was thrown into prison for expressing sympathy with the political exiles around him. The Governor-General of Eastern Siberia summoned him from his cell, and reproached him in violent language. The schoolmaster, in impotent exasperation, struck his tyrant. Within four-and-twenty hours he was taken out and shot. It is hardly surprising that the Moscow students should have

taken up the story in their journal. Nor is it surprising that violent anger should be excited by such recitals as the following of the brutal behaviour of Siberian officials towards a simple exile:—

“A certain doctor was detained as a criminal in the Tiukalinsk province of Tobolsk, and forbidden to practise. On October 23 he received an order that he was to be removed to another locality. Being very ill and completely bedridden, he at once got two doctors to certify that he could not leave in his then state of health. This testimony was utterly disregarded, and on the following day the assistant police-master, with a number of police and soldiers, entered the dwelling, and ordered him to get up. He said that he was too weak to rise. The assistant police-master said he would make him. He asked for the attendance of the Judicial Procureur, but was told that such a request was superfluous. His request to be taken to the hospital was treated with contempt, and on his observing that he should die on the road the police official said it was all the same to him. He was thereupon carried out on the mattress, in his bare nightdress, and pitched into a cart standing ready horsed at the door. The bystanders were so moved by this unnecessary brutality that some loudly expressed their anger, and one man took off his fur coat and threw it over the all-but naked sick prisoner as he was being driven away. His young child, still at the breast, was thrown on one side like a piece of wood, and the mother's hands bound while her husband was being carried off. On arriving at his destination—for he survived the journey—he was found to be dangerously ill with typhus fever.”

The story may not be literally true. Some facts may be exaggerated, others may be omitted. But then it is one of the consequences of the repressive régime, in whatever country it is practised, that men come to believe authority capable of any outrage; the faculty of criticism is stifled; and credulity as against the Government is boundless.